The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1928 NUMBER 715

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The Week

THE text of the Franco-British naval and military agreement remains unpublished. Even the American State Department has received only a note from Chamberlain explaining it, and not the document itself, and, in consequence, the Washington officials report themselves perplexed as to several of its aspects. They understand enough of it, however, to be alarmed as to the effect which one provision will have on the next meeting of the Preparatory Commission of Limitation of Armament, in which the United States will participate. The agreement is understood to limit the number of 10,000-ton cruisers armed with eight-inch guns, while putting no restriction on smaller cruisers armed with six-inch guns. If the United States accepted such a proposal, it would yield the whole point which was in dispute at the Geneva conference, and which resulted in the failure of that gathering. The American experts maintain that the United States must have large, heavily-armed cruisers, for three reasons: to offset our lack of naval bases through using vessels of extensive cruising radius; to offset the British merchant marine, which can readily be armed in wartime, and is much larger than our own; and to make sure that in case of any future war in which Great Britain was a combatant and the United States was not, we should be able to maintain our right, as a neutral, to keep our ships on the high seas. These arguments may be right or wrong, or they may be, as the New Republic believes, right from the narrow technical point of view while highly questionable from the standpoint of friendly international relations; they are like the arguments with which our experts, before and during the Washington Conference of 1921, sought to prove that we must not limit capital ships. But right or wrong, the action of our government is likely to be predicated upon them.

AN important section of Liberal opinion in Great Britain objects to the agreement on other and even more serious grounds. The Manchester Guardian, for example, calls it "a new Entente Cordiale of at least equal importance with that of 1914 and perhaps even more far-reaching." Under this interpretation, the two countries are regarded as having pooled their weapons. The British navy has been added to the French army. Special criticism is called out by the supposed agreement that trained reservists shall not be included in the account of the French military force, though everyone knows that they are in fact of the greatest importance. An agreement along these lines might easily look in the direction of larger rather than smaller armaments. Finally, the Liberals are outraged that such an important negotiation should have been completed while press and public were kept in complete ignorance of what was going on. Whether these criticisms are well founded it is impossible to say on the basis of the information at present available on this side of the ocean. Undoubtedly it is true, however, of this agreement as of so many others, that everything depends on the spirit of the governments which execute it. A document which poisons the atmosphere when the government be-

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hind it is nationalistic, narrow and proud, may become a power for good when interpreted by men who are devoted to peace and friendship.

WE sympathize with the difficulty of the A. F. of L. in attempting to determine its stand on presidential candidates in this campaign. On the one hand, Al Smith is genuinely sympathetic with labor and understands its problems; his record is unimpeachable on social legislation, with the single exception of his failure to support the federal Child Labor Amendment, and his taking refuge in a recommendation of a referendum on the subject. On the other hand, Mr. Hoover has not been unfriendly to labor, and has expressed his belief in collective bargaining. If it comes to the associates and supporters of the candidates, the Republicans no doubt can boast of a majority of the reactionaries and open-shoppers, but Mr. Smith's campaign manager has been a leading executive of one of the largest open-shop corporations in the country. There is a good deal of common sense in the plea that, while labor may see good in both candidates, neither is sufficiently unsullied to deserve whole-hearted endorsement and support. Why should labor compromise its prestige by the risk of backing the wrong horse, when neither horse is labor's own? This argument, however, in our opinion, is equally effective against the A. F. of L.'s non-partisan policy in general—the policy of endorsing for Senator, Congressman, or other offices that candidate of the old parties whom labor likes the better. This policy has led to the endorsement of many more questionable men than either Smith or Hoover—notably, Frank L. Smith of Illinois, to whom the Senate denied a seat. Labor will never get much out of national elections until it has a party that it can call at least in part its own.

A HEARTENING sign that perhaps Al Smith intends to make the power issue a leading one in the campaign may be seen in his prompt action in the matter of the Consolidated Gas merger hearings in New York, discussed in a recent issue of the New Republic. Mr. Morris Ernst having appeared at the hearings as attorney for the Public Committee on Power to protest against allowing the merger without exhaustive investigation, Chairman Prendergast refused to hear his argument on the ground that the Committee was not a proper party in the proceedings. Later Mr. Ernst was allowed to argue the question of whether he might be heard on the merger, but the decision was against him. Although he was permitted to file his brief, the indications were that the Commission would pay no attention to it, since they seemed about to approve the merger without the investigation which the brief recommended. Thereupon Mr. Ernst appealed to the Governor, and the Governor telegraphed Mr. Prendergast requesting that Mr. Ernst and his committee be heard. Another vote on the question by the Commissioners resulted in a two-to-two tie, the Republicans voting against the Governor's request and the Democrats for it. The fifth Commissioner, a Democrat, was detained at his home by illness. If the Commission, under these circumstances, proceeds to allow the merger without further ado, it will be little short of a scandal. Whatever happens to the Committee's plea, however, there is still a chance that some of the more essential points it made will be brought out by counsel for the city, which has engaged as its expert Dr. John Bauer, one of the most conscientious and public-spirited utility economists in the country.

IT IS remarkable news which is coming from Chicago. The inhabitants of that place, wearied at last by the buffooneries of Mayor Thompson and the alliance between politics and vice and crime which these buffooneries are intended to conceal, have taken matters into their own hands, rather in the Vigilante spirit. The Chicago Crime Commission, which has long been in the pocket of State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, has been freed, rejuvenated and set to work. Special deputies of the Attorney General are investigating the one murder, and the numerous kidnappings and assaults, on the day of the primary election last April. When Mr. Crowe managed to prevent the spending of city money for this investigation, the angry citizens volunteered $150,000 in a short time for the purpose. One group of city judges has been examining the deeds of another group, has criticized them in the harshest terms, and as a result, three judges—two of them known to be Thompson's henchmen—have gone back from the criminal bench to other courts where they technically belong. The number of cases where judges have permitted criminals accused of serious crimes to plead guilty on minor charges and be let off with a slap on the wrist, has been reduced from a weekly average of forty-seven to seven. Mayor Thompson's administration was recently forced, through a taxpayers' suit of the Chicago Tribune, to restore two million dollars of city money which the Tribune charged they had spent illegally. Sixty men have been indicted in connection with the events of primary election day, among them the Ellers, father and son, and State Senator Leonardo. The gangsters are taking the matter seriously; one of them was killed last week by his friends for fear he would tell the investigators what he knew. The Thompson city controller and the chief of police have resigned; Morris Eller, father of Judge Eller, and boss of the Twentieth Ward, is trying to get immunity before telling what he knows of the murder of Octavias Granady, the Negro, who was his political opponent and was light-heartedly killed on election day. Mayor Thompson is said to be having something of a nervous breakdown, and on the whole, it seems as though that is the best thing he can do.

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CHICAGO'S reformation does not come from the Democrats, nor from the Deneen Republicans. It seems to be a nonpartisan stand of the "good citizens" against the crooks, gunmen and politicians. (The "good citizens" of course do not include the Insull crowd or other big business interests which have profited hugely from their alliance with Thompson.) The record of 130 gang murders in two years without a single conviction (set out recently in the New York Times by Mr. Charles A. Selden) was too much for the Windy City's leading citizens who had heretofore stood on the sidelines and had paid to the bootleggers some of the money which kept the vicious machine in operation. By the same token, the reformation, if there is one, is likely to prove only temporary. Probably the best to be hoped for is that the gangs will be made somewhat less bold in their operations. Perhaps a reform administration may even succeed Mayor Thompson two years hence, in which case the graft will continue, but the money will not change hands quite so many times, or go so high, as at present. The alliance among politics, bootlegging, gambling and prostitution has too many advantages for each partner to be ended by one wave of honest indignation on the part of the citizens. It will go on in Chicago as it does in every other American city. Nevertheless, Chicago's crusade is worth while, if only because it tends to clip the wings of Big Bill. We are entitled at least to have our big cities ruled by polished ruffians and not by blatherskites.

THE sort of irritation which is likely to occur again and again in Central and South America over the exploitation of local resources by foreign capital was evidenced recently in Costa Rica by the formation of the Civic League, with the slogan, "Costa Rica for Costa Ricans." Opposition is especially keen to the alleged plan for consolidation of public utility corporations, a majority of whose stock is foreign-owned. Even at a stockholders' meeting, police protection for the representatives of the foreign interests was necessary. There seems to be no escape from the prospect that, if the resources of these countries are to be developed, it must be done largely by North American and European capital. This has been the history of new and "backward" regions all through the modern era. It was the case in the United States for many years. The process is made more striking now, however, by the increased power and dominance of capital in all countries, and is especially dramatic in the Central American countries on account of their political and military dependence. This makes it all the more incumbent upon those who direct our foreign policy to refrain from even the appearance of interference with the internal affairs of these countries. They should as much as possible develop the power to deal with their own affairs and achieve an equality which will diminish the irritation and render possible an orderly growth of industry.

Smith's Agricultural Straddle

IN ONE of the most lively aspects of the campaign—the effort to capture the farmer vote of the central West—Al Smith is having a hard time to execute the straddle which apparently seems to him so necessary to success. He must promise the farmers more than Hoover, without frightening the conservative business interests of the East. Whether he can offer agriculture anything which will seem genuine to its spokesmen, but will not seem dangerous to industrialists, still remains very much an open question.

Until now, his record is far from enlightening to anyone who wants to know with any degree of exactness what his farm policy is going to be. Asked by a conference of farm leaders what he intended to do, he telegraphed them that he endorsed the Democratic platform, and, if elected, would call a conference of farm representatives and experts even before inauguration to work out a practical program. This was excellent as an indication of solicitude, but not very enlightening. Supported by George N. Peek, one of the active spirits of the McNary-Haugen Bill, he explained that he was at one with the Democratic platform in favoring the "principle" of the equalization fee, and the next day stated that he did not approve of the equalization fee in practice, but would ask his experts to devise some better measure to produce the same result. This raises the question whether, if there is any substitute for the equalization fee, it would not arouse exactly the same opposition.

Let us go back a little to the logic behind the agitation for farm relief. The burden of the argument is quite simple. The industrialist has received tariff protection. This is effective in the cases of those who sell mainly to the domestic market. It would not be effective in the cases of those who depend on a world market, and have a surplus to sell abroad, were it not that these industries can control their production, and, by monopolistic practices, keep the domestic price level up, even though selling abroad at lower prices. But farmers, although protective duties have been levied on their chief products, have both a surplus to sell abroad and an inability to control production or influence prices. Therefore they are, in fact, left out of the tariff scheme. They demand to be brought within it. This is to be accomplished by creating an agency to take the farm surplus off the domestic market at protected prices and to sell it abroad at the lower world prices. The equalization fee is a device to pay for the loss of this operation by assessing it, in a very complicated manner, upon the producers of the articles so protected. The supporters of the device believe that the farmers will gain more from the maintenance of protected prices at home than they will lose by paying the equalization fee, just as they believe industry benefits from the process of "dumping."

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The New Republic has never accepted the farmers' basic reasoning in this matter. It is not true, as they think, that all industry and its participants have benefited from the tariff. Others without protection, or with protection that does not protect because competition rules, include railroads, soft coal mines, automobile manufacturing, cotton textile manufacturing, wool manufacturing, etc., etc. If a list were to be made of those in this country actually benefiting from protection, it would be likely to constitute a very small minority. The Democrats might have chosen to make this appeal to the farmers. They might have said: "It would be easier to remove from the minority the special privilege which the tariff confers upon them, than to confer the same privilege on farmers. We pledge the farmers equal treatment by tariff reduction." But the Democrats did not say this, because they did not wish to offend the privileged.

Apparently Al Smith is ignorant of the fact, however, that if the principle of the equalization fee could be made effective, it would help greatly to remove the privilege from those who do now benefit from protection. A country in which everyone was protected would be a country in which nobody was protected, because everyone's price would be raised to everyone else. The business interests which object to the equalization fee object to it, not really because they think it unconstitutional or impracticable, but because they are afraid it would work. They are afraid it would raise the prices of food and other farm products in the United States, that it would thus lead to higher costs for labor and materials, and would diminish their profits and take away such advantage as they now derive from the tariff. Any business men who now believe they do not benefit from the tariff must of course be even more afraid of bringing the whole agricultural industry within the precincts of protection.

To juggle with words, to say that one does not approve of the equalization fee, but will devise something else to do the same job, sounds like saying that the Iliad was not written by Homer, but by someone else of the same name. It is not likely to appease the business interests who applauded Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. If Al Smith starts out with the idea that he wants to do something for the farmers, but will not do anything which conservative business men might disapprove, he will land on the farm issue exactly where Herbert Hoover stands. His route may be more devious and deceptive, but essentially the competition for the farm vote will come down to the question of whose smile the farmers like better. In this respect as in all others, the effort to please everybody at once would be fatal to Al Smith's campaign.

If the Smith managers should begin on a franker assumption—that they intended to aid the farmers by any practicable method, no matter what conservative Easterners thought of it, they might easily arrive at a different and sounder destination. Economic experts might without great difficulty give the Democrats some good advice in the matter. They might deplore the veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill on the ground that the reasons given were inconsistent with each other and showed an animus against the purposes of the farmers, as well as on the ground that the measure might have helped as an emergency one. But they would undoubtedly go on to the conclusion that since the principal root of the trouble of which the farmers complain is the existence of surplus production which drives prices down, the only permanently reliable measure is one which will establish some control over production. The chief defect of the McNary-Haugen Bill, aside from the difficulty of administering the equalization fee, was the danger that in the long run the maintenance of prices, without any restriction of production, would lead to an unmanageable expansion of output. How to restrict agricultural production is a difficult problem, but it cannot be dodged if anything is to be done, and undoubtedly the federal government could do many things that would help. If a solution were reached, agriculture would be given a true equality with the better organized industries in their control of markets and prices, an equality not depending on fallacious reasoning about the tariff. The Democrats could also do other things that would help agriculture basically—things that would assist in the necessary reorganization of rural life in its technical, social and economic aspects. They could, for instance, develop a land and settlement policy such as those which have been so successful in progressive agricultural nations like Denmark. If, as is indicated by Mr. Raskob's statement, the Democratic policy on farm relief is to be determined chiefly by the researches of Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia, we hope that these researches will develop at least the broad basis of a policy early enough in the campaign so that the debate will assume some aspect of reality.

The Endless Battle

THE war to end war, while it did not have the announced result, did have some others. It produced in the United States, as we have so often been told, an era of hysterical repression. Men were sent to jail for holding "dangerous" opinions however innocent their acts. Professional patriots for the first time found it possible to make a fat living by frightening rich old women as to the activities of alleged "reds." New laws, more invasive of individual liberty than any since the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, were put on the statute books. When this hysterical period began, we were told that it was only the result of war emotion, and would soon pass. With the War ten years away, has the repression ended? No organization is better qualified to answer this query than the American Civil Liberties Union, which fights so gallantly and

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well on behalf of free speech, in every corner of the country. The Union has just issued its annual report for 1927, and has produced a document which should be studied by every person who believes it is important that the winds of freedom shall blow.

Active repression, we are told, continues to decrease, as it did in 1926. Yet intolerance is "firmly entrenched," and if repressive measures are taken less often, it is chiefly because there seems no need for them. "There is little to repress. Militancy in the labor movement has declined; the radical political movements do not arouse fear. Insurgency of any sort is at a minimum." If the pendulum should swing the other way, however, "all the instruments of repression remained unchanged," and could quickly be mobilized again. Not only that, but they have been strengthened in the past year by decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court sustaining the state criminal syndicalism laws, some of which, it had been hoped, might be held to be unconstitutional. Thirty-four states still have sedition or criminal syndicalism laws. The Union reminds us, moreover, that the censorship powers of the post office under the Espionage Act are still in force. Injunctions continue to be used in labor disputes. Censorship of books, plays, periodicals and movies is the rule, in almost every part of the country. Two states have anti-evolution laws, and in many others, the same results are achieved by rules of the state or local school authorities. Aliens no longer enjoy the right of political asylum in America; on the contrary, we are more and more inclined to deport people for holding radical views, and to debar immigrants from naturalization if they are suspected of being revolutionaries, or even of being pacifists. The Klan and the Fundamentalists continue their repressive activities; there is no more freedom of thought in the schools and universities than in the past. Mooney and Billings are still in prison, where they were sent on perjured testimony; eight Centralia, Washington, I. W. W.'s continue to serve their long sentences, imposed following the battle which took place when a mob of armed Legionnaires attacked them in their hall. Individual states continue to pass laws making daily reading of the Bible compulsory in the schools, or ordering that children be excused from their class work in order to receive religious instruction in the faith of their fathers. Fifteen hundred persons convicted under the espionage law during the War are still deprived of their citizenship, a matter in which we lag behind all the other chief powers. Particularly outrageous is the treatment of striking miners and textile workers by police, who break up their meetings, refuse to let them picket, and do everything else possible to discourage and harass them.

It is possible that too much attention has been paid to the War as a cause of the invasion of civil liberties in America in recent years. It is true that the conflict ended before the passions aroused by it in this country had had a chance to find outlet along normal channels of activity, and that these passions were all the more intense because they were artificially whipped up. But there are other explanations which need to be invoked for a complete understanding of the characteristic activities of the present day.

The professional patriot, for example, continues his activities primarily because he gets a fat living out of them. His credulous victims pay him handsomely for his tales of red bugaboos; he can lecture at large fees to audiences which would not hear him at any price on any other subject. Much of the work of the Fundamentalists is similarly actuated. Unless "the old-time religion" continues to be the popular brand, Fundamentalist preachers may find their good jobs gone. Most of them, if they could not attack the Modernists, would have nothing to say, and could no longer make the sensational tours of the country of which they are so fond. William Jennings Bryan turned to this sort of witch-hunting partly as a compensation when he ceased to be of any importance in the Democratic party, and when his old-fashioned vein of Chautauqua oratory was running painfully thin.

The motives of the police who violate the civil liberties of the strikers are too plain to need discussion. The police authorities stand in with the wealthy owners of the mills as simply and instinctively as does Mr. Coolidge. They have only the dimmest notion, if any, of the rights of the individual supposed to be inherent in our system of society; but they have a clear and vivid understanding of the sacredness of property. The same psychological scene exists in the case of those states, like California, which punished so ferociously the mere fact of membership, however passive, in any organization preaching "criminal syndicalism." The I. W. W.'s were working men, whose labor was essential on the ranch; but they preached, and sometimes practised, sabotage which cost an individual employer real money. The rage of the dominant element in society came from the pain of a pinched pocketbook nerve.

Since all this is true, it might be asked whether the battle for free speech is not a hopeless one, lost before it starts? What use is there in seeking to go against the current of economic advantage? The answer is that there is every use. In most of the cases cited, those who interfere with liberty are truckling to a real or fancied sentiment in the community. If that sentiment can be changed, the whole background of the problem is altered at once. Though perhaps with more difficulty, people can be induced to make a fetish of individual liberty—this was once true, and still is to a less extent, with the English—as well as of conformity to mass opinion. The forces of propaganda can be mobilized on either side. The recent history of the press in this country serves as an illustration. For many years, critics of American newspapers charged them

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with unfairness; and while the editors always resisted these accusations, and have never admitted their truth, they have been followed, at least among the more important papers in large cities, by a notable improvement in the handling of controversial matters—labor disputes and news from Russia being two outstanding illustrations.

The officers of the American Civil Liberties Union recognize that changes of this sort can be brought about. Their annual report announces a nation-wide campaign to alter the public mind as to the importance of maintaining the safeguards of individual freedom of thought and speech. Such a process will, of course, be slow at best; and in the event of another war, all the progress made may be expected to be lost overnight. Nevertheless, the effort is worth while, and deserves the support of all who still believe that political democracy is an experiment both possible and desirable.

The American Theater Board

IN every complicated modern society there are industries which, owing to changes in economic and social conditions, are steadily increasing their output and enlarging their market, while there are other industries which are equipped to satisfy a larger demand than that which society is then prepared to furnish. Not only in the United States, but in other countries, there are at present two notorious instances of such temporarily retrogressive industries which are equipped, both in machinery and in trained employees, to produce a larger assortment of goods than their customers are willing or able to purchase: *viz.*, cotton manufactures and coal. When these instances occur, their owners and managers seem incapable of dealing remediably with their difficulties. They jump at various means of reducing their output and expenses, including usually the cutting of wages, and this policy results in strikes and lockouts which add to the external disorganization of the industry the waste of a warfare with labor. So far as we know, however, the management of an industry which is confronted by the need of readjusting itself as a whole to less favorable conditions has never been capable of pulling itself together and of seeking by joint inquiry and decision those common measures of self-protection, reform or new development which the cure of its ailments demands.

It is the more interesting to observe, consequently, that there is one business which, when faced by a prolonged restriction in the demand for its products, is capable of at least trying to make common headway against its sea of troubles. We refer to the American theater. The speaking stage has, it is generally recognized, suffered during the last few seasons from an economic decline. The competition of the moving picture houses is chiefly responsible for its diminishing public. Many smaller cities which formerly used to support theaters for the spoken drama now no longer do so, and in the larger cities such theaters are fewer. It is far more difficult than formerly to keep a traveling company out on the road, the result being that many actors and actresses who formerly toured the country profitably have recently been stranded in New York. In the metropolis itself the season of 1927-28 was financially unsuccessful. There have been many productions which started well, and which ordinarily would have returned a good profit, but which were obliged to close quickly and at a loss. In addition to this diminishing popular demand, the theater has had to face a wave of hostile legislation in many parts of the country, and these attempts to censor the drama have helped to make the production of plays unusually hazardous and unprofitable.

The theater, if left to itself, would, of course, work out some sort of adjustment to its less favorable circumstances. New York and the larger cities still contain millions of people who are keenly interested in the drama, and who will continue to support a large proportion of the people who in one way or another now make their living out of it. Moreover, interesting adaptations to the new conditions are already taking place. A demand for plays which managers and booking agencies in New York could not afford to satisfy has been met by other means. During the past few years there has been a considerable growth in the number of local stock companies and an improvement in the standard of their productions. At the same time, there have come into existence all over the country many so-called little theaters which satisfy the popular craving for producing and hearing plays by the most educational and promising means. Yet these innovations and palliatives, while they are signs of the vitality of the theater as a genuinely popular art in the United States, are not enough. Unless something more is done, the theater as a business will probably have to look forward to a period of increasing hard times and of increasing loss and suffering for the people whom it has hitherto supported.

There is one obvious reason why an industry or a business which is suffering from a restricted market finds it difficult to take any united action to promote its common interests. The several groups who are engaged in carrying the industry on are organized to compete with one another for a larger slice of the product or to negotiate with one another about various divided purposes, but they are not organized to coöperate with one another in the general interest, and nothing can be accomplished in the way of common plans and common action until some central or federal organization is brought into existence. After prolonged negotiations and many failures, such an organization is being set up for the American theater. It is called the American Theater Board, and it consists of representa-

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tives of the three groups which are most interested in the prosperity of the theater, *viz.*, the producing-managers, the actors and the playwrights. The joint Board will not incorporate. It will be a voluntary organization supported by pro-rata contributions from the three constituent organized groups. It will exclude from its agenda all subjects which involve controversies among these groups. The function of the Board will be that of conducting a continuous survey of the American theatrical industry, of recommending improvements in its methods and practices, and of putting up a united front against competition which affects the entire industry and against hostile legislation.

The process by which the American Theater Board has come into existence is peculiar and deserves careful examination. Inasmuch as the managers have the largest stake in the industry and are responsible for producing the plays and planning for the success of the productions, it might have been supposed that the initiative for the needed organization of the American theater would have come from them. But if the job had been left to them, they would have proved as impotent to introduce a perfect organization into their industry as the owners of the coal mines and of the cotton factories have been. The actors' trade union, the Actors' Equity Association, rather than the managers, has furnished the needed initiative, energy and vision. It was about three years ago that the heads of that association saw the need of pulling the industry together in order to protect and advance its common interests, but they were unable for a long time to make any headway on account of one fatal obstacle. The legitimate producing managers were not themselves grouped into one representative organization. The only association which existed at the time was dominated by the Shuberts, and many of the other managers for that reason would have nothing to do with it. A deadlock ensued until a few months ago, when, as a result of pressure from Equity, the Organized Legitimate Theatrical Producers of America was finally formed; and practically its first act was to ballot for the selection of five representatives to the National Theater Board. At least one American industry has, consequently, set up something corresponding to a national council. This council cannot deal with controversial questions, and it cannot, consequently, legislate for the industry, but it will call into existence a general staff for the conduct of the theater whose function it will be to watch its operations, to devise plans for their improvements, and to speak for it whenever its interests are threatened by legislative hostility. This national board could not have existed if Equity had not already introduced into the industry a combination of the closed-shop with the open union. It was because Equity had already unified the industry by the closed shop that it became possible to increase the area of order and to unite the new factions in the industry into a kind of commonwealth of responsible mutual consultation.

The first job which the American Theater Board will have to undertake is a survey of the conditions under which theatrical companies can successfully operate "on the road." In many parts of the country moving pictures have driven the spoken drama out of existence only because they provided better entertainment at lower prices. If there were any way in which the managers could improve the quality of their traveling productions and offer them to the public at lower prices, they could probably regain some of the ground which they have lost. It is also probable that many of the plays which are successes in New York are too sophisticated for the rest of the country, so that a more careful selection of the kind of play which was sent out on the road would diminish the number of unprofitable tours. In fact, one of the chief objects of the survey would be to determine the theatrical tastes of the different parts of the country, and the most practical means of satisfying them. The stock company also offers many opportunities of improvement by more intelligent and better informed planning through a central organization. The success of the New York Theater Guild in developing an income from subscriptions is an indication of what similarly enterprising producers may accomplish elsewhere. Their local companies might combine into a circuit of four or five cities. This would enable each company to give the same play for a number of weeks in succession and would make possible better productions by lengthening the period of rehearsal. Finally, there are some three hundred tent shows which are now touring the country, and whose number might be increased and their repertories improved by a more flexible and less onerous royalty system. In these and many other ways a little careful investigation and planning in the interest of the theater as a whole will provide better opportunities for the managers, more performances for the playwrights, and more jobs for the players. The net result would be a better average theatrical production furnished to the public at a lower price.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Al Smith's Chances[1]

IF GOVERNOR SMITH is to win this year's election, it is clear that he must do so in the North, and in states which are normally Republican. Even if he carries the Solid South—and there is more doubt of his ability to do so than has existed regarding any previous Democratic candidate—this section can give him only 114 electoral votes of the 266 he needs to win. Where can he get the other 142? He has a chance, it may be taken for granted, in the border states, Kentucky, Tennessee and Oklahoma, which altogether would give him 35. As for the rest, it is generally agreed that he must get them from among the following states: Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Montana.

What likelihood is there that he can carry any one or all of these states? The writer does not propose to resort to prophecy, but merely to assemble the facts which throw some light upon Smith's prospects. His chances increase, obviously, with the proportion in each state which is opposed to prohibition. They are better where there is a large Catholic element, a heavy proportion of recent immigrants, a preponderance of urban population. For the sake of clarity, let us look at the situation in each of the states separately.

In Massachusetts the strongest element in Smith's favor is the fact that the state is presumably opposed to prohibition. The best evidence of this is that it was one of the fifteen which had not gone dry by state action, before national prohibition came into effect in 1920. Even on an unimportant technical matter, such as passing a new state law complementing the Volstead Act, the wets in 1924 were able to muster 446,473 votes in opposition, and only eight thousand more—454,656—were cast in its favor. In 1926, a wet Democrat was sent to the United States Senate with 55,000 majority.

Another point which is in Governor Smith's favor is the large proportion of urban population. Ninety-four and eight-tenths percent of the people live in towns and cities of 2,500 population and more. There are 1,077,534 foreign-born, to say nothing of the first-generation descendants of immigrants, most of whom probably share their views in general, but are listed among the 2,725,990 native whites.

A liability for the Governor is the fact that members of the Catholic Church in Massachusetts are but 38 percent of the total population. Since the church membership includes only a relatively small proportion of minors, while the other figures list everyone, of whatever age, the proportion of Catholic voters to all voters is probably a little larger than 38 percent, though still less than one-half. An even greater handicap is the fact that Massachusetts is traditionally Republican. It has gone Democratic only once in the past eleven elections, the exception, of course, being 1912. Even in that year, the combined vote of the Republicans and the Progressives was larger by 137,000 than the Democrats'. In 1924, when the Republicans won as usual, the latter party polled but 24 percent of the total vote.

Connecticut, like Massachusetts, can probably be put in the wet column. It had not gone dry by state action before 1920; eight-seventeenths of its population is foreign-born and almost exactly two-thirds of its people live in towns and cities. While the percentage of Catholics is less than 50—it was 37 in 1916 and 34 in 1926—it is still one of the highest in the country.

Against Governor Smith's chances is the fact that Connecticut has gone Democratic only four times out of the past eleven elections. These were 1884, '88, '92 and 1912. In the first of these four elections the Democrats got a bare 50 percent of the total vote cast, and in each of the others they had much less than 50 percent, winning on a plurality. In 1924, when Mr. Coolidge carried the state, Mr. Davis got 27 percent of the total vote.

Rhode Island is another of the New England group which may be assumed to be wet, for the same reasons advanced in the cases of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Only 3 percent of its population is rural, and as with the first two states named, there is a heavy proportion of foreign-born, 173,000 of them and 420,000 natives. The Catholic voters are probably about one-half of the total number, the church members being 46 percent of the entire population. On the other hand, Rhode Island has gone Democratic only once in the past eleven times, in 1912, when the Republicans and Progressives together had a 15,000 majority. Mr. Davis in 1924 got 36 percent of the total vote.

The most important single question in the campaign is whether Governor Smith can carry his own state. Only three times out of eleven has New York gone Democratic, in '84, '92 and '12, and the combined opponents had totals larger than the Democrats by 40,000, 10,000 and 274,000 in those years. In 1924, the Democratic presidential vote was 29 percent of the total.

In that year, as everyone remembers, Governor Smith ran far ahead of his ticket and was reëlected despite Mr. Coolidge's huge majority. Remarkable as was that triumph, he received but 49 percent of the vote in 1924. He had 1,627,111 votes, Colonel

[1] This is the third and last of a series of articles discussing the probable outcome of the presidential campaign.

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Roosevelt 1,518,552, Norman Thomas, Socialist, 99,854, and the Socialist-Labor and Workers' party candidates, 12,000 between them. Governor Smith's election was brought about by his receiving many of the 467,000 votes which went to Senator La Follette for President on the Progressive or the Socialist ticket.

In 1918, it is interesting to recall, Al Smith was first elected Governor, with 47 percent of the total vote. In 1920, he was defeated though he again received 47 percent. In 1922 and 1926 he was victorious with 55 percent and 52 percent respectively.

That New York is decisively wet seems to be beyond question. It had not gone dry before 1920, and subsequently repealed its state enforcement law. In 1926, it took an advisory referendum which went wet by 1,164,586, of which 316,834 came from the supposedly dry and Republican upstate region. Eighty-two percent of New York's population is urban, and the native-born whites outnumber the foreign-born more than two and a half to one, the figures being 7,385,915 to 2,786,112. The Catholic percentage has gone down in ten years from 28 to 27.

New Jersey has gone Democratic four times out of eleven, in '84, '88, '92 and '12. Only once—in 1892—did the party have an actual majority, of 7,000. The other three times it has won by a plurality, the combined votes of its opponents exceeding its own by 5,000, by 700 and by 79,861 respectively. In 1924, the Democratic vote was 27 percent of the total.

New Jersey is generally put in the wet column. It was one of the states which did not already have state-wide prohibition in 1920 when the constitutional amendment came into effect, and has sent to the Senate one of the most pronounced wets in that body, Edward I. Edwards. New Jersey is 78 percent urban, and the native population outnumbers the foreign-born by three to one, the figures being 2,298,474 and 738,613. The Catholic percentage has decreased in ten years from 27 to 26.

Maryland has gone Democratic seven times out of the past eleven, usually by majorities of less than 15,000. The dates were '84, '88, '92, '04, '08, '12 and '16. In 1924, the Democratic vote was 41 percent of the total.

There seems little doubt that Maryland is definitely in the wet column. It is the one state in the country which never adopted a prohibition enforcement law. The Catholic church members were 16 percent of the total population in 1916, and 14 percent in 1926. Sixty percent of the state is urban. Native stock heavily outnumbers the immigrants, the figures being 1,102,560 to102,177.

Illinois has gone Democratic twice in the past eleven presidential elections. The first time, in 1892, the party won with slightly less than 50 percent of the total vote; the second time, in 1912, it had far less than 50 percent. In 1924, the Democratic vote was 23 percent of the total.

Illinois is one of the states which have formally indicated an opposition to prohibition in recent years. In 1922, its people voted on the question whether they wanted "light wines and beer," 1,065,242 saying that they did, and only 512,111 that they did not. On the other hand, prohibition was supposedly an element in the senatorial campaign of 1926, won by Smith, a dry, with a plurality of 56,078.

The members of the Catholic Church in Illinois constituted 19 percent of the total population in 1916, and 20 percent ten years later. The native-born element outnumbers the foreign-born by more than four to one—5,092,383 to 1,206,951. Sixty-seven percent of the total population lives in cities or in towns of more than 2,500.

Missouri has gone Democratic seven times out of the past eleven national elections, in '84, '88, '92, '96, 1900, '12 and '16. The majorities have been 69,000, 30,000, 25,000, 9,000 and 3,000. One victory was achieved with 2,000 votes fewer than a majority, and one with 15,000 fewer. In 1924, the Democrats polled 43 percent of the total vote.

A clear expression of opinion on prohibition would seem to have been registered in the vote of 1926 on the repeal of the state dry law. Those in favor of repeal numbered 294,388, and those opposed, 569,931. Missouri is only 46 percent urban, and is largely of native stock, those born in America numbering 3,039,018 and the foreign-born only 186,026. The present Catholic percentage is 14, and that ten years ago was 13.

Wisconsin has gone Democratic twice in eleven times, in 1892 and 1912. In both cases the victory was by a plurality only, the combined vote of the opposing parties being larger by 16,000 in the first case and 62,000 in the second. In 1924, when La Follette carried Wisconsin, the Democratic vote was only 8 percent of the total.

Wisconsin, with its heavy German population and its former great brewing industry centering in Milwaukee, is usually put in the wet column. It had not adopted state prohibition prior to 1920. In 1926, a referendum was called on the question of restoring 2.75 percent beer, and the wets won by 171,841. Wisconsin is 43 percent urban, and the native population outnumbers the foreign-born by nearly five to one, the figures being 2,156,810 native and 460,128 foreign. The percentage of Catholic Church members to total population is now 22 percent, and was 23 percent a decade ago.

Montana has gone Democratic four times out of nine elections since she achieved statehood. In 1896, 1900 and '16, the majorities were 32,000, 11,000 and 25,000 respectively; in 1912, the party won by a plurality, though the combined votes of its opponents exceeded its own by 22,000. In 1924, the Democratic vote was 20 percent of the total.

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The available evidence would indicate that Montana is against prohibition. In 1926, the voters repealed the state enforcement law by a majority of 10,249 out of 156,213 votes cast. Montana is heavily rural, those in towns and cities constituting but 31 percent of the total. There are 93,620 foreign-born compared with 440,640 native Americans. The proportion of Catholics dropped from 16 percent in 1916 to 10 percent in 1926.

Democratic enthusiasts, engaged in explaining how victory is to be achieved this year, usually throw in the votes of the agricultural states in the Middle West. They argue that the Republicans flouted the demand of the farmers for the equalization fee proposal of the McNary-Haugen Bill, that the farmers count no other issue as being so important, and that therefore the farm states will go Democratic. The states in which the agricultural problem is keenest are Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska and Montana. Let us see what would happen if Smith got all the Democratic votes cast in those states in 1924, plus all the votes cast for La Follette, either by Socialists or Progressives, giving Hoover only the votes Mr. Coolidge received. Hoover would then carry Minnesota by 25,000, Iowa by 102,000 and Kansas by 152,000. Smith would carry North Dakota by 8,800, South Dakota by 1,400 and Nebraska and Montana by 25,000 each. Hoover would receive 35 electoral votes, and Smith 22.

Any such calculation is, of course, much too generous to Governor Smith. In North Dakota it adds 89,000 Progressive votes to only 13,000 Democratic, in South Dakota 75,000 to 27,000, in Nebraska 106,000 to 137,000, and in Montana 65,000 to 33,000. It is fair to assume that a majority of the Progressive voters in these states came from the Republican ranks rather than the Democratic; and it is equally fair to assume that unless Mr. Hoover commits himself to the cause of black reaction in the most unequivocal way, a large part of these votes will go to him.

It is obvious that not only in the corn belt, but in general, Governor Smith's hopes for success must depend in large part on his ability to win the unattached voters, who constituted such a heavy portion of the 5,000,000 vote for Senator La Follette in 1924. What is the best the Democrats could possibly hope from this source? Exclusive of the Solid South, there are sixteen states in which the combined vote for Davis and La Follette exceeded that for Coolidge. If he carried these states, the Solid South and New York, he would win the election with fourteen electoral votes to spare. But it is obvious that he is not likely to carry all the states in the list. What is true of the agricultural states is true of the others as well: the Progressives came in large part from the Republicans, and as the campaign is now going, a large proportion of them will probably return there.

Innocent Amusement

Here is a harmless parlor game which you might like to try with a group of politically-minded friends —if you know any of those queer people. Ask each one to set down a list of the chief influences which will cause people to vote one way or the other. Habit (party loyalty), the religious issue, prohibition, the personality of the candidate, are some of the things which might well appear on such a list. Then ask each one to give every item on the list its relative importance, by ascribing to it points on a scale of 100. Here is one such listing:

Habit	60 points
Prohibition	50 "
Religion	55 "
Personality	25 "
"Prosperity"	15 "

Then ask them to take a given state—Massachusetts, for example—and try to decide how *a majority* of her citizens will be affected by each of these influences, giving the proper number of points to the candidate who will benefit by the result. If any state seems evenly divided on any issue, assign half the credits for that issue to each candidate. Such a tabulation for Massachusetts might look like this:

State Massachusetts	Smith	Hoover
Habit		60
Prohibition	50	
Religion		55
Personality	25	
"Prosperity"		15
	75	130

Naturally, great differences will be found in the number of points which different people will assign to the various items on this list. Whether or not certain factors should be included at all, may be hotly argued, and, also, whether they help Smith or Hoover. Try this scheme on half a dozen of the doubtful states, and compare the results arrived at by various individuals. You will then be able to appreciate why political forecasting is such a hazardous enterprise. Perhaps I ought not to drop the subject without adding that my own tabulation, on the basis given, results in awarding to Smith Rhode Island, New York, Maryland, Missouri, Wisconsin and Montana, Hoover taking Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and Illinois.

In this brief series of articles we have assembled data regarding past records and existing conditions, which, while they furnish no absolute guide to the outcome of the campaign, should at least be more useful than mere guessing, which is what most political prognostication amounts to. On a basis of these data it cannot be said that Smith will lose any state in the Solid South; yet it is clear that he

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will have a harder fight than any other Democratic candidate within memory, especially in North Carolina, Florida and Alabama. If he is to win, he must do so in Northern states which are normally Republican, and by appealing to independent-minded voters, of whom there are more today than ever before in our history.

If this analysis is correct, however, Democratic strategy up to the present would seem gravely open to question. The Democrats have tried to make themselves look as much like Coolidge Republicans as possible. They have gone out for the big business vote through Raskob and the high tariff vote through Pittman. Such a policy may win over some wet Republicans in the crucial states; but it is impossible to believe that such a gain can offset the loss of the independent Progressives, some of whom in that case will feel that if we must have a big business President it might as well be Hoover, others of whom will vote the Socialist ticket and still others abstain from voting at all. It may be that Governor Smith himself believes that he has no chance of victory and is interested only in making a gallant campaign; but in that case why not a really gallant one, by being the sort of candidate one would expect him to be from his gubernatorial record? And if he does think he has a chance to win, where does he find it except in striking out boldly for the votes of the plain people, whom politicians love because God made so many of 'em?

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Capturable America

The Re-Discovery of America: XVIII

THE destiny of the American folk is not a choice between two ways, either of which might lead to a certain health: it is not the alternative of creating a new world (in the mystic tradition) or of carrying on a prosperous, precedented life. If this were the case, there is every reason to believe that we should follow the practical tradition; that we should wax fat, like other peoples, and eventually like them go down before some fatter foe. The issue is more tragic—and more interesting. Man in modern America is in a state of danger. We have no *living* choice.

The menace of our life is not due to its explicit traits. To have a good time, to adore comfort, to spend and spin, are not exalted aims; but there is naught lethal about them. At first blush, there seems no reason why a folk, well doctored and sleek-housed, should not rush around in motors, swill radio, worship one-day idols, gobble advertisements, elect knaves to office, and paint pretty pictures on the face of business—forever. Merely to be an animal and live in the jungle is not necessarily a menace. It is quite possible that creatures prosper longer, without roads, concepts, history, consciousness at all. But even as such animals live in an animal background, such peoples should have a base of inheritance and nature like their idea-less foreground. A modern man in an Amazonian jungle, an ant from that jungle in a city street, would not get on for the same reason: the maladjustment between their world and their self.

We have seen in our study of the American jungle (a *fact* which we discovered to be an *ideal* state), in our study of the machine which is the aggressive and embodied concept of our anarchic will, in our study of Power—its gods, its impotence, its pretences, how profound is the abyss between the American world and the American spirit. Our Nature, being conceptual (and aggressive and hostile), demands that we have concepts to control it; our Jungle, being a rotting and a ferment of deformed ideals within us, demands of us values and ethos to reform it. Bereft of vision and control, we live in a world that calls for vision and control beyond all others.[1] Without them, we suffer. We lack comfort, we lack potency, we lack the very things we sell our lives to gain. Statistics shout their message of insanity, neurosis, torpor, disillusion tiding upon this land of gold in which everything is for sale and nothing delivered. . . . All this, we have seen, is our present: but all this is the merest surface of our danger. The threat of our practical tradition is not in what we are or do today: it is in what today will make of us tomorrow.

It would not be hard to make our point abstractly. Our practical tradition (and that of modern Europe) is itself a rationale of the break of the Christian Whole. It is a defeatist principle. It is based on the reality of the parts of life (sense, power, reason, property, etc.,) and on the denial of the Whole; yet these parts which it exalts have value-energy which only the tradition of the Whole could give them. (*Worship* of science, *loyalty* to State, *faith* in reason and facts, *devotion* to property, *love* of Power are examples of the hopeless

[1] Western Europe is also in cultural chaos: we have seen that our chaos is that of Europe grown isolate and rendered more acute (and more pregnant) by new elements. But in Europe, the traditions of the broken Whole of Christendom are more intact; the mechanization of life, which we know to be largely the result of that Whole's dissolution, is less advanced. There is less "civilization" in Europe, precisely because less of the energy of the Mediterranean culture has been denatured to make it. There is hence less discrepancy between the inner control of culture-values and the outer fact; between the spirit and will of men and the world they live in.

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muddle of the practical mind in which debris of the Mediterranean Culture are thrown contradictorily and blindly together, like parts of a house visited by a cyclone.) Child of a chaos that came from the death of that Culture, the practical tradition can but perpetuate chaos. Being itself a principle of compensation for a disintegrated world, it can have no control, no creative virtue. . . . But the plain truth is more vivid in its flesh and blood.

Imagine a child living on bad food, on food that does not nurture his organic growth. He is hungry, there is no other food; he goes on eating. Some day, this child may learn that his diet is bad. The problem is: Will he learn this before the bad food has permanently hurt him, and—more acutely—will he know how to replace the bad with good?

We know that the common practice of our lives—our "diet"—is unsound. There is as much critical self-examination in America as elsewhere. The great vogue of Menckenism proves how widespread—if not deep—is our sense of something wrong. But while we each year more elaborately know that our food is bad, we go on eating it. And we must, since there is no other food! And there is no other food, because the makers of food—the leaders—are not here to meet the criticism of what we have, with something better.

To be specific: while the minority which thinks goes on exposing the inanity of our politics, the sterility of our churches, the insipidity of our arts and pleasures, the mechanics of our education, the ugliness of our journals, etc., etc., etc., all of us, including the minority and their children, go on partaking of these politics, arts, pleasures, since there is nothing else. The young man rises from the desk at which he has penned a jeremiad against the movie or synthetic gin as examples of our shoddy life, and is forced to movie and gin when he needs recreation. Although he has excellent ideas about our paltry novelists and our nit-wit politicians, some life-instinct urges him to note them, as an alternative less deadly than the death of shutting himself off from his surroundings. And if this is true of the man, think of the child whose need of the immediate world is more imperative than ours. The intellectual whose habit-forming youth goes back to the quiet of radio-less libraries and buggies, is somewhat insulated into self-sufficience. But his son must create his world from the world about him; it is inevitable (and right) that his personality partake of the stuffs and tempo of our jungle. To "protect" him would be to sterilize him altogether. Moreover, the criticism which the child receives through the mind will be as naught compared to his organic nurture. You may fill your library table with liberal papers; what effect can they have on a life which is literally the product of what those words attack? The parents who think that their "oasis" schools and their personal influence can change the very air of us all are fatuously fooled. Every child needs fellowship, needs for a while to run with the pack, needs to fight up to the level of his personal values through an acceptance of current values. Every child needs, above all, the pleasures of his fellows. Today, this means the continuum of adulterated wares—comfort-devices hawked by the slaves of Power. And whatever these mean, if they persist, will shape the Americans of tomorrow.

(Mere adverse criticism, particularly if it is bright, may become but an irony added to this danger. The intelligence formed in the rhythm of the movie, radio, motor, journal; fed by the mush and poison of purveyors whose aim is the nerve-drugging, mind-drugging stuffs that will make the public cry for more, learns to take the "kick" from criticism and to rush on for the next sensation. This is the secret of the success of Mencken; and the reaction, after hearing about the food that undermines us—*the food we must eat*—is the torpor and dismay that alternate with American complacence.)

There are plenty of signs already of mental and spiritual malnutrition. I refer to naught so dubious as intelligence tests and insanity statistics. My own experience is, that Americans of the so-called young intellectual classes are the least vitally *concerned,* the least spiritually quickened of any I have encountered. Literature is less to them than a sport (which has its rules of excellence): it is a liquor in which the ingredients, as with bootleg whiskey, are of no importance. Everything, good and bad, is poured into the punch-bowl: the point is, to refill it often and quickly. A dullness of mind which is, of course, the want of an illumined direction is concealed beneath an electric patina taken from the machine. The corruption is worst, of course, in the most sensitive, who are most speedily attainted by a baseless diet.[1] The capacity of the American *élite* to tolerate general ideas, to sustain thought or emotion, to love or to hate, to feel at all without premature ejaculation (this is called action), to meditate, to search, to support solitude, to realize life imaginatively or even to recognize true imagination, is very low. It is bound to become lower if the spawning facts of our Nature, which only such capacities in high degree can control, continue to control us.

The debit column is long, and we have dwelt with it enough. Our dangers grow solid with organized momentum. There is this technique of death in the modern world—the practical tradition; and no technique of life. That is why the mercantile Mussolinis and the long-range guns control us. But our virtues rise also, for they are of one substance with our evils. In America, all phases heighten,

[1] The pathetic case of Heywood Broun is typical: the beautiful stuff in this man has been standardized and galvanized into a *grimace* to cover American dullness. I can guess what Mr. Broun feels, when his grimace breaks: this must be what America will feel when some day it stops speeding. Agony! That is why the hordes of the sensitive-defeated are so attached to the protective grimace of Heywood Broun.

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we are not a stable body whose increase in one sense must compound with decrease in another. We grow; as in a child, our talents are nurtured at the same pace with habits that may destroy the talents. . . .

Upon the side of our hope, there is first and last the peculiar energy of our world—the forming life of our land which makes us all, Nordic and Negro, American; and which relates us more essentially with the Indian or the Peruvian, than with our blood-brothers of Europe. This energy tends toward a passional restraint; it is plastic, cruel, darkly exalted. It made the culture of Maya and Pueblo; it is already inscrutably at work within us and without: transfiguring our unconscious spirit, plotting the straight structures of our streets. It is so wondrously a-tune with our mystic tradition that it makes one ready to believe in an Atlantis, whence Egyptian, Mediterranean and Amerindian all emerged.

There is the gaining knowledge that we are not well; that Power makes impotent, that we lack even comfort, and that a nation which makes a symbol of money must always lack even enough money. For a symbol is inexhaustible. A bad symbol spreads like a cancer and a good symbol spreads like a grace. We are coming to know that money is not a fact with us at all; it is our symbol of excellence. As such it is a disease—a subject for spiritual hygiene. And we are learning that our love, which has no place in a domain of Power, becomes thwarted and turns back upon itself in fear. Such love, diseased, explains our lynchings—of Negroes, of thought and of gentle Italian dreamers.

There is the waning of our interest in meretricious cures and systems. Everywhere in America, the sincere concern with politics, law, economics fades. Everywhere the appetite—if not yet the understanding—for psychology, literature, art increases. What can this mean, but the folk's gradual acceptance that the organized forms of life have failed, and that the sources which art reveals and psychology considers must be lifted like ore from the mine, for a new forging? From this standpoint, the anemia of our politics is a good omen. The outsider, like Harold Laski, who is rendered pessimistic by the American swarming of low men in high places, goes on the assumption that government is still the *mind* of our nation. Of course, if this were true, the people that elects a Coolidge is an idiot. (There is in our country a school of critics, headed by Mencken, who assume this: and their ignorance lacks the excuse of the outsider.) America is not an idiot, but a neurotic. The neurotic is often a sensitive and powerful man, too creative to channel his gifts into conventional adjustments, yet thwarted from creating channels of his own. A neurotic may act like an idiot, because his mind is not in his acts, his passion is not in his mind. A folk withdrawing confidence from political forms that have grown obsolete, yet not mature enough to make political forms of its own, would express this neurosis of normal adolescence much as we do. Its "mind" would cease to vote and leave the ridiculous sham of active politics to ridiculous men. Lincoln, who lived when the old America (of the Constitution) received its death-blow, was the last American in whom a vital interest in our life could be fulfilled by direct political action. Since then the mind of new America cuts more and more beneath the forms to the substance whence an ethos and a new politics must be derived. Therefore, I place the atrophy of our concern in constitutional government, symbolized by the fossils in Washington, among the good signs in our life.

And there is the truth that we are a capturable people. It is in our blood to be captured; to be captured "high." Among the colonials were men who had been won by the "new ideas" of Europe: Puritan, Calvinist, Quaker, etc., were capturable men beyond their conservative brothers. The lower misfits who came with them were capturable also: there were numbers of criminals, ne'er-do-wells, neurotics; and it is a fact that, in an age of transition, the maladjusted are closer to the norm of growth than the "normal." Often have the Americans been captured; and never remained captive! In four hundred years, our life has never set: (there is no country in the world where the complete conservative is so unvital, where the Academy is so feeble, where conventional law is so impotent, where constitutional forms are so void). Americans are not like Canadians and Australians, *settlers*. Aristocracies captured the colonials, captured the Revolution (turning out the true settlers who were tories); libertarians and romantics captured the young Republic; countless sects and panaceas have for a day won fragments of this capturable people who never remain settled. We are still volatile: still, hence, dissatisfied: still capturable. What would happen if there came along a group or groups of men, to capture this longing folk . . . who really had what they claimed to have, and what the folk needed?

Ere we can make our final approach to this promise, we must return to a final level of our danger. Granted that the alternative before us is re-birth through active leadership in our mystic tradition, or is death; granted that we are a folk capturable "high" as well as "low"; granted that we "know" our disease, it yet does not necessarily follow that we shall choose the way of life. Granted all this, and still the odds are against us. For the "universal will to live" is a romantic falsehood; and the "eternal instincts of self-protection and self-survival" are myths. Why do we not know this, since we know that most seeds never rise from the soil that rots them, that myriad germ-cells never reach the ovum, that men deliberately and joyously court death? Failure and extinction are also part of life; and since the "self" may be a delusive fragment of events, "self-protection and self-survival" may be

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delusions also. We are aware of individuals whose deeds certify their annihilation, whose "will to live" is a shadow of their organic will to die: why, then, can we not conceive of a people bent on its own ruin? To say that *just because* we are the Grave of Europe we shall rise; that *just because* we are ill we shall get well, is unmitigated nonsense. A man is stricken with disease. He says, I want to be well. But his blood and his organs work toward dissolution. He'll be buried, despite his lying will to live; *for the real will in him is death.* America says: I want to be whole. But what if the blood and organs of our world "say" otherwise?

We have seen that America is unconscious, that it has the will and the technique to racialize its unconsciousness. We have seen that the end of unconsciousness, in a dangerous nature of concepts, is death. As in the sick man, therefore, the will to death in our land is potent; *and is protected by a euphoria of health.* We call ourselves conscious, progressive, prosperous, peaceful, and under cover of this delirium, we sleep and rot. We say Power, we sow impotence; we say Comfort, we sow disease; we say Peace, we sow the whirlwind.[1] If we really mean what we say, we must effect a method and technique for action even as a stricken body that really means "I will live" finds a technique against the method of its malady.

A tradition of wholeness with no technique to enact it, a will to health with no method to work it, become, at last, a falsehood and a stench. We stand to learn that the day of words is over, the problem of practice before us. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "The Symphonic Nation," will appear in our issue of August 29.)

[1] I refer specifically to the tradition of violence which is being fostered in America. A folk taught that minority action should be violently suppressed, that minority emotions should be violently blocked, that any disturbing elements of poesy or vision should be violently bludgeoned into order, is being prepared for violence against itself, in the inevitable day when prosperity droops or trouble rises. A folk that learns no control *except the economic* will lose all control when the economic security for some reason fails. That is why I say, that we are literally sowing a whirlwind of blood.

It's Done with Mirrors

LESTER QUIGLEY, book-keeper for the Woppington Supply Company, came in out of the vibrant, moon-drenched summer night and paid his newspaper bill for July.

"Thanks for the spinach, Quig," said Elmer Durkin. "It's larceny to take jack for the flock of boloney you got last month. Between the conventions and the keynotifications the papers are a total loss. All they do is dumb it up for the customers."

"I'm satisfied, Elmer." Behind his thick-lensed spectacles shone the eyes of a happy man. "Everything points to the success of Herbert Hoover. That's worth a dollar twenty."

"Omigosh!" The newsdealer addressed a great, unseen audience. "Must I be the guy to break his trusting heart?" Elmer's tone was compassionate.

"I've got to slip you some sour news, Quig. A bird that keeps his lamps glued on the ledger could easy miss some of the fast ones, but here is the lowdown. I hate to be a killjoy, but your boy friend is sunk.

"Let me spill you the dirt, and you can draw your own totals. First off the Aliver Streeter will breeze through the South like the boll weevil. Sure I know there are some soreheads down there, but all that runs for Sweeney. Those cotton belters might throw a peeve in midsummer, but come November, they always remember the lessons they learned at grandpa's kneecap. Those are in the bag for Al."

"I wasn't banking much on the solid South," said Lester.

"Fair enough, how does Herbie click out in the corn, beef and cabbage sector? Maybe he's the darling of every honest rural heart, and maybe I'm the Queen of Switzerland. The way I get it, there are two things every hick hates and the other one is the mortgage. Those are the birds that went to K. C. yammering: 'Anyone but Hoover.' Has he pulled any stuff since, to make those disgrunters go into reverse? He'll think over the jam they're in and let them know how it comes out—if there's any percentage in that! He might get by in some of the bigger burgs, but look out for the sticks!

"Now turn your lamps on the wet and wicked East. Here's where the Jumbo always hangs up the S. R. O. sign; if the Gops can't panic 'em on the Atlantic circuit, they're a flop. Can H. H. crash into Al Smith's own dump and pull any rough stuff? Don't be a simp, Quig! This is where the Catholics grow thick and the Tammany hallboys and the drippity wets. The Smiths and Robinsons alone would put him over, and for velvet he's got the Irish and the Wops and the golf bugs and the dumb animal lovers and the guys in the derby hat racket.

"He might have been wabbly on his pins for a few minutes, but then he ups and picks this Raskob to run the works and sheik the tired business men and the Chevvy pilots and the Buick bozos. Raskob is a reformed Republican trying to lead an honest life. He threw in with Calvin only four years back and now all he has to do is bring the other C. C. fans in with him and the ticker angels who made a killing in G. M.

"If Herbert gets the breaks, he'll snag the north end of New England and he'll nose out in Pennsylvania if they let the Phillys keep the score. That will be about that.

"That's my story. Hoover can carry everything but the solid South and the windy West and the liquid East. Where will that get him an Annie Oakley to ride on the Mayflower?"

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"Well, I hadn't figured it all out," admitted Mr. Quigley, "but I still think—"

"Dream on, Quig, dream on. I wouldn't spoil your summer on you. But don't say I never told you the facts of life."

As Lester went upon his way, a sadder if not much wiser book-keeper, he passed in the doorway one Lem Beale, ex-postmaster and optimistic Democrat. "Well, what are the facts of life?" asked Mr. Beale.

"I was buzzing him on politics," said Elmer. "It gets me how anybody can play Al Smith a hundred to one shot in this muss. He'll be all hung with horseshoes if he saves the solid South with all those Methodists and Baptists giving him the bum's rush."

Mr. Beale's face fell and he wanted to know how Elmer got that way.

"The dirt farmers out West may not throw a rave about Hoover, but would they ankle up and stick the 'x' on a city slicker who doesn't know a cornvine from an alfalfa tree? Those rubes are all sour on the Tammany Tiger and the Pope and every bone in their head is dry. Along the Mississippi they give Herb the glad hand for the way he pulled them out when they were all wet. The ladies all love him for the aprons and vacuum cleaners he invented and some of the girls don't think Ma Smith would be such a wow in the rotos, anyhow. Around the main stem Al might qualify with all that jack that Raskob will shake down for him, but that about lets him out. He's been a smash in his own backyard, but this time he's taken on too much real estate. Heeney was a hot sock peddler, too, till he got into rough company.

"They tell me Hoover's got the tank towners sewed up, and the dusty drys and the women folks and the Germans, and the fishermen and the college grads and the radio nuts and the movie fans. Where does that leave the Happy Warrior?"

"You may be right," said Lem Beale, "but personally I don't think you know a blame thing about it."

"This is only August," answered Elmer. "Nobody is supposed to know anything on any subject until they break the sweet news to the happy pair."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

THIS is not the most important presidential campaign of our times, but it is, undoubtedly, the most unusual. The result, one way or the other, will not—in my frequently infirm judgment—have a very definite effect upon the direction in which we, as a country, are headed. Nor will it alter our relations with the rest of the world, financially or in any other way. There have been a number of campaigns in which infinitely more vital decisions were involved than any that can be rendered next November. For instance, the 1896, 1900 and 1920 fights were very much more vital. Had the Democrats won in either of the first two we would have embarked on a distinctly heretical economic experiment, the ultimate result of which no one can guess. Unquestionably, the 1920 campaign was a pregnant one. Had the result then been different, the United States would almost certainly now be a member of the League of Nations—and in spite of the Reeds, the Borahs, the Lodges, Brandegees and McCormicks, I am unable to believe that that would not have been to the good. In spite of the fact that it has apparently become archaic to talk of the League seriously in this country, and in spite of the further fact that if it was mentioned at all in the Democratic convention this time, it was in a whisper, I still maintain that no great public proposition ever got a rawer deal or more murky-minded treatment.

However, that is all off the record now, and the point I am out to make is that the fate of the country does not hinge upon the outcome of the present presidential contest. We shall probably plug along the same economic track regardless of who wins, and the old familiar talk of having reached a "parting of the ways" and of the "destinies of a great nation" being at stake is too obviously silly to be indulged in by either side this time. The utter absence of a single clean-cut issue, aside from liquor, between the parties; the fact that both candidates are on the same side of the fence on every economic question from farm relief to foreign debts; their practical agreement on the theory of taxation and the protective tariff—all this makes the usual rot about party principles and party policies so preposterous as to be proscribed for all politicians outside of the so-called Solid South. It leaves this campaign primarily and exclusively one of personalities. Either candidate this trip could run comfortably on the other candidate's platform. The only real choice the not overly bright voter has is not between parties, but between the men.

It is the extraordinary contrast between Hoover and Smith as men that makes their struggle, if not the most important, certainly the most interesting and unusual of the past forty years. It is, also, literally true that nothing approximately like either has ever before been presented to the people as a presidential candidate. Perhaps that accounts for the unquestioned acceleration of popular interest noted by all observers in all parts of the country. Everybody agrees about that. To my mind, the thing that makes Herbert stand out as unique is not so much that he is the first Quaker ever nominated or the first engineer ever put forward, or the most widely traveled and internationally experienced man to run for President. It is his complete lack of vote-getting record of any sort that makes him a stranger political figure than almost any we have ever had. With, I think, the single exception of Grant, a military hero, Hoover is the only man ever nominated for the highest office who has not previously run for some smaller office. That is one of the things that keeps the politicians of his party from warming up to him. Somehow or other, a candidate for President who has never before run for anything does not

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click with the practical political boys. They cannot persuade themselves that he "belongs." And when you consider the records of his predecessors along this line, it is not surprising. Look, for example, at the good Calvin, who has run for office fifteen separate and distinct times, who, in fact, never did anything except run for office. Look at Harding and McKinley, Roosevelt, Harrison, Taft, even the austere and bewhiskered Hughes—every one of them had at one time or another sought the votes of the people for at least one other office besides the presidency, and most of them for many more than one. But here comes Herbert and forces himself on, or is forced upon, the party as its presidential candidate without ever having tested his powers as a vote-getter even in an assembly district. No wonder he does not ring the bell with the hard-boiled boys of the organization.

And then you turn to Smith, and get the most remarkable contrast. It is not only in the fact that, while Hoover has worked all over the world, Smith has never been west of Chicago; not only that Hoover is the first Quaker and Smith the first Catholic to be nominated for President; not only that Hoover comes from an Iowa farm and Smith from the sidewalks of New York, and is typical of them. In addition to all that, whereas Hoover has no vote-getting record at all, Smith has the most remarkable record of any man in the country. It was that record which forced his nomination at Houston. The opposition crumbled in the face of his demonstrated ability to carry the great state of New York time after time against the best the Republicans could produce. It is that record which endears him to the practical political heart everywhere, and it is exactly that record that Herbert lacks. There is not space to go further into details here, but the more you consider the personalities and the careers of these men, the more it is borne in upon you that they not only differ amazingly from each other, but from all other previous presidential candidates. One common quality they have is strength, which perhaps accounts for a popular interest in August utterly beyond precedent, one which was really lacking at any time in 1924 or 1920. It takes strong men to stir the people. They can be satisfied with a Coolidge, but they can't get excited about him. And it isn't a question of thought with the masses of the voters, it's a question of feeling. They don't think. They can't.

Actually, these dog days preceding the August acceptance speeches of the candidates are extremely dull ones. Nothing really to stir anyone has happened in a week. I can't say I think the Hon. William Allen White's assault on the Smith record of twenty years ago reflected much credit on him. It was a badly bungled piece of business, and lodges in my mind several well defined though probably unfounded suspicions. One is that Bill is getting old and slipping a little. Another is that at heart he is not enthusiastic for Hoover, whom, it will be recalled, he likened during the pre-convention days to a "timorous capon" on the outside of the ring watching a cock fight. Another is that he thought he was being helpful to his Kansas friend, Henry Allen, Director of Publicity for the Hoover campaign. And I cannot think of anyone connected with the campaign on either side who needs more help than Henry. The specimens of Henry's publicity which I have seen up to date are not, I must say, calculated to arouse enthusiasm in any breast unless it be the ample one of Mrs. Belle Moskowitz, who plays the role opposite Henry as the Democratic Publicity Director in this great quadrennial political drama upon which the curtain has just gone up.

Before leaving the subject of publicity, the fact should be mentioned, I think, that the publicity concerning the resignation of little Johnny Raskob as chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors was very well handled indeed from the Democratic standpoint, very poorly from the Republican. Why the organs of the Grand Old Party so generally muffed it I am unable to say, but the facts are pretty well and widely known. The truth is that little Johnny overplayed his hand. He had every intention of sticking in his General Motors job through the campaign, and might have got away with that idea had he not made the announcement about moving the headquarters from the Biltmore to the General Motors Building. That was too much. Friends of Mr. Hoover on the General Motors Board, and some outside but most influential in the Morgan firm, got hot under the collar. "What," they said, "is this little guy trying to do—deliver us over body, boots and breeches to the Democratic party? It is too much." An intimation—and no slight one—of the way they felt reached little Johnny, and their feeling was not at all disguised at the meeting. It was announced that his resignation was "voluntary." So it was—just as voluntary as a fall out of a window.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Flying

THE roar of the motor builds a gray wall of monotonous sound, deeper than silence. When it stops, the sudden quiet strikes your ears like an explosion. The propeller, a few feet ahead, bats the air viciously, an eight-foot polished wooden club whirling about fifteen hundred times a minute. The wind thrown back at you becomes almost solid and pounds at your face.

Seated deep in the cockpit of a light plane, only the top of your head rises above the fuselage and, feet on the rudder bar, one hand on the control stick, you peer carefully through goggles across the nose of your craft, to keep it balanced by aligning it with the horizon. The "sense of balance" seems to be a myth. Most fliers tell the position of their plane by its relation to the horizon or by instruments. Flying through a thick fog or cloud, without instruments, where you can see neither the horizon nor the earth below, you may come out plunging downward at an angle of forty-five degrees or steeper. You are not so apt to fall in other directions because the terrific pressure of the wind against this or that side of your face warns that you are falling in the direction from which this pressure comes.

The air is unstable. Unseen currents move up and down, back and forth incessantly. The plane, which from the ground appears to be floating evenly through quiet air, may be pitching and tossing about roughly, dropping

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twenty, fifty or a hundred feet in a second as it flies into a down current at ninety miles an hour, then regaining height with a lurch as it strikes one going up.

With the plane dropping under you, your body becomes fearfully light. Only the safety strap across your middle holds you to your seat. When the plane catches itself on a cushion of air at the end of a plunge, you feel heavy, as though you had turned to lead and your weight might tear through the frail vibrating structure and go on falling. One gets these sensations mildly in a fast elevator as it stops suddenly while ascending or descending.

Rhythm is life to an aeroplane. The hand at the controls must press quickly, but smoothly, even gently. The controls move lightly, little physical exertion is required. Playing a violin is good preparation for flying. When rhythm and speed are lost, the plane, which seemed almost a living thing, becomes lifeless, heavy, several thousand pounds of metal, wood and fabric, falling through the screaming air, carrying you down, out of control. In a case like this, the stick must be held forward to make the plane dive nose-first. When it gets into the diving position, it responds to all the controls and can be gradually leveled out. If there is not room enough between you and the earth to do this, it is, in the argot of the hangars, "just too bad." A plane cannot be forced into a maneuver which, if a fixed trail were left in the sky, would not be a line of curved heavy gracefulness. Where its smooth sweep is broken, the plane falls.

Flying in the early dawn over New Jersey meadows, when a white unfocused light filled the sky, I found the air for once so smooth that the plane rode evenly. For the first time in my short experience, I had a chance to enjoy the things to be seen. Through a long bluish haze a dozen miles away to the north, the towers of Manhattan rose, gold-tipped in a shaft of light from the morning sun. Out towards the southwest were hills, shadowed deeply in blue, with lakes gleaming like burnished silver, some of them, perhaps, fifty miles away. Down past the silvered wings I could see the smallest detail of the country three thousand feet below, gleaming in fresh colors through the thin, clean air. I was startled by the vividness of details which can be seen from a height. Looking half a mile horizontally across the surface of the earth, your view is dimmed by the layer of dust and smoke which lies near the ground. But in the higher air, where the dust and dirt do not rise, you may look down, and with only a relatively thin layer of haze on the surface, see objects and colors much more clearly. There is a purity of color and completeness of form not seen by those who remain always on the ground.

The sun rose, its heat met the coolness of the early morning air and the plane began to rock about gently and take little breathless drops downward. The sun rose higher and the air became more agitated. I could tell by the smoke from the factories that a breeze had started up. The air became bumpy and all my attention was needed to hold the light ship on as even a keel as possible.

You must think and feel in three dimensions at once properly to control the plane. With the control stick rising between your knees and mounted on a universal joint so that it may be swung in any direction, you move the wing tips, or ailerons, with sideways movements and control the up and down direction with backward and forward movements. With a rudder bar on which your feet rest, you steer to the right or left. A throttle close at hand controls the motor. Maneuvers must always be made by working all these controlling elements in the proper relation to each other. For instance, in making a turn to the left, you use the wing-tips to bank the plane over at the proper angle, just as a racing auto is tilted over by the incline of a curved race track. Then with the rudder you start the turn, shifting the elevator continually to keep the plane from diving on its nose or climbing into the air so steeply that you lose flying speed. All these movements must be made more quickly than they can be told. At first, it seems almost impossible to do this with the roaring, vibration and dizzy motions of the plane, but given a strong heart, quick eyesight and sensitive muscular control, you soon learn. That is, if nothing unfortunate happens. . . .

In aerobatics one finds a strange thrill, vastness and whirling heavens and earth, visioned before our time perhaps only by some Baudelaire lost in an opium dream.

Here there is a curious example of human egotism. Turning about and whirling over in the sky, I remain still the center of the universe. The earth and the sun swing about me swiftly with mighty, smooth sweeps. Sometimes for a moment I look up to see the earth and down on the sun. Then I know I am hanging head down, strapped in the cockpit, but it does not seem so. The earth has merely slipped from below me and moved into the sky above. Below me there is nothing but space and clouds, magnificent landscapes of clouds.

Falling nose-first in a spin, I have seen the earth whirl about straight ahead until there were a dozen horizons, swiftly intersecting one another like an animated geometry problem. But a geometry problem colored beautifully with great blue patches of cloud shadows, gilded areas of sunlight, gleaming lakes and bright clouds before a deep clear sky in which there was nothing between me and infinity but invisible stars. All these forms slipping into one another like bright phantoms. It is hard to realize that the earth could rise, and, with increasing swiftness, crush you so cruelly.

In a straight dive down, coming out of a "stall" where I have pulled the plane up so steeply that it has lost flying speed and fallen out of control, I have seen houses, factories and other objects on the earth below swell in size with a smooth ominous swiftness which stopped only when I leveled off and began to fly straight.

As my control becomes less self-conscious, there is time to think of strange things in the air. Of Leonardo da Vinci who "spent many sleepless nights over the problem of human flight." He designed "winged chairs," and made many drawings of flying machines which showed a marvelous understanding of the problem of flight. He designed the first propeller or aerial screw and left directions for making a parachute of a "pavilion six cubits wide, with ropes attached to it, whereby a man might let himself down from any height without danger to himself." He made twenty pages of careful drawings of the flight of birds, indicating the movements from one flying

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position into another by the sort of lines which comic strip cartoonists use to indicate motion or speed.

But most of my consciousness is taken up with the business of flying. There is little time for day-dreaming.

Fear is the sauce for flying. It keeps you from ever being bored. There have been times when all my will was concentrated on a quietly desperate effort to keep myself from panic and hold a delicate control of the plane when the slightest error might have meant what I dared not even imagine. I think that all fliers have been afraid at times. But the fascination outweighs the fear. A few quit because fear gets the best of them. I have heard them admit this, and no flier with experience ever blamed them. *Student* aviators, temperamentally unsuited for flying, sometimes suddenly become paralyzed with fright and "freeze" to the controls, killing themselves or even their instructors.

Flying at a considerable height gives me the same comfortable feeling as having money in the bank. At eight thousand feet, I can fly carelessly or make errors which would be serious lower, and still have the space below into which to dive to regain control of the plane. Making the same error at one hundred or two hundred feet, I might hit the ground going a hundred miles an hour before I could even change the direction of my controls, much less straighten out the plane.

DON BROWN.

Back to the Table

WHENEVER I come back to the countryside, I find myself reflecting upon the things that would make it a tolerable place to live in throughout the year, and not merely a refuge from the telephone call and the engagement pad. This question has been in a great many people's minds for at least a generation; and unfortunately all the answers have involved making the country as near as possible like the city. The slickly surfaced highroad, the telephone line, running water, book-keeping by double entry, the motor car, and finally the radio have been introduced for the purpose of making the farmer's life a more attractive and profitable one; and I have no doubt that these things have removed some of the worst disparities between town and country, have broken down the oppressive loneliness of isolated farms and have relieved a good deal of inhuman drudgery. I don't say a word against any of these improvements: indeed, a motor car is far more valuable for transportation in rural regions than it is on Fifth Avenue, where it is a sort of uncomfortable houseboat that slowly drifts with the tide, while the moss grows thicker over the water line and the occupant passes from manhood to senility before he transacts the distance between Forty-second Street and Fifty-ninth. No: I am all for giving the countryside the benefit of such lifts: but they do not seem to me quite enough to counterbalance the attraction of the big city: indeed, they are rather a part of it.

It seems to me a little curious that no one has suggested that the countryside might be made more livable by restoring to it some of the advantages of the country. It is possible—though a thorough metropolitan will be *skeptical!*—to enjoy the countryside just because of its differences, just because of unique qualities that cannot be counterfeited or duplicated within urban limits. One of the great advantages of a cultivated countryside, it seems to me, is the grand satisfaction it gives to people who like good food; and yet I don't recall a single back-to-the-land prescription which even hints at what must be done in this line before the countryside will be enjoyable again. There was a time in America when a man's mouth watered at the mere thought of a country dinner. In "The Pioneers," Cooper has a description of a Christmas feast that surpasses anything in Dickens for wealth and variety of fare; and one has only to read the traveler's notes on country hotels up to 1850, to realize that in the more civil parts of the country the person who referred to the "bounty of nature" had literally said a mouthful. Indeed, in various parts of New England today, if one is careful to dodge the Dew-Drop Inns, and urban deceptions of a similar nature, one can still come upon country breakfasts and dinners that have the ancient charm of elementary good cooking: one does not select from their bills-of fare: the food rather advances in waves, and it is a scant and unfriendly dinner that has less than four vegetables and three meat dishes. New England cooking, it is true, like its prototype across the ocean, is a kind of cooking which relies far more upon content than upon a subtle technique: but the point is, when a chicken has not been exposed to arctic hardships, when the beef is something more than the left-overs of the glue factory and the button mill, and when the beans or peas or corn have not been tanned and desiccated in the process of going to market, anything more than plain cooking is mere gilt on the lily.

I do not say that the art of cooking in America will not have to be advanced, for all that, before country-living will be a thorough delight: during the cold months of the year, the cook can rely less and less on the natural succulence of things; and then something must be done to promote a more classic cookery—a cookery that knows the value of garlic and onion and green pepper, and is not afraid to make up for the diminished natural flavors by delicate sauces. The one real dish of the northern countryside, baked beans, has been left to the canning factory: and there is only one canned variety that comes within miles of the delicate flavor, compounded of pork and molasses and mustard, that baked beans should have —incidentally, this variety comes from the heart of New England and has no rivals.

What we need, as a foundation for a fine rural life, is a thorough comparison and estimation of great local recipes. None of the ordinary cook-books is of the slightest use here: foods, like tobaccos, differ in texture and taste with relatively small climatic changes—which affect both the food itself and the user—and even the most dubious compounds, like the leaden hot puddings of England, have a reason for existence within the region of their origin. What we need is a series of regional cook-books—not the aimless standardized hodge-podges, popularized by women's magazines, which are a product of the card-catalogue rather than the kitchen. The countryside stands for variety and individuality, against the encroaching

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standardizations and mechanical similarities of the city: and the place where this part of a good country-life program would strike home is the kitchen, the one place where all men and women have a joint and indisputable interest.

But alas! before we can have good cooking in the country, we must have good food: and there are major difficulties here. I am living in one of the richest dairying districts in the United States, but it is impossible to get an ounce of fresh butter in the whole countryside. If one wants sweet butter of the first grade one must go to the Jewish sections of New York. The lack of good butter is paralleled by a scarcity of fresh eggs: and yet, when these two essentials of diet are austerely fresh, and plentiful, they make up for a great many other temporary deficiencies. I daresay the farmers could demand good butter just as readily as the Ghetto dwellers of the East Side, if they were prepared to pay for it or make it themselves: but the point is, the taste for these things has grown anemic. The county where I live has lush upland pastures that are covered, from May to September, with every variety of wildflower, and as a result, the honey produced here has a most delicate and subtle flavor, as if it were all compounded of the flower called baby's breath. Hymettus itself produces nothing finer than the fragrance of this local honey; but one must search far and wide before one finds a grocer that handles it in the region hereabouts: instead of the local honey one is provided, by the chain store, with one of those anonymous brands which are obtained, I suppose, either directly or by the connivance of the bees, from glucose. We are not many miles from the part of the Berkshires where the finest maple syrup still runs from the trees; but the product offered at the local store has been mixed with cane sugar in a New York factory. One could heap up these examples; but there is no need to: they are in themselves almost enough to explain the depopulation of the countryside. Why remain in a region that retains all the disabilities of rural life, its relative poverty and lack of opportunity, and that has also lost one of its great charms—an abundance of fresh, juicy, individual local food?

So I come back to my program for making the countryside more attractive: I would restore to it some of the country virtues. I would move the houses back a hundred feet from the great motor roads, so that a family might still breathe pure country air; I would buy up wood-lots and lake-sites for the sole use of the citizens of country towns, instead of letting all the good spots be taken over by metropolitan estates and camps and real-estate speculators; and I would stimulate that great appetite for life that derives, naturally and inevitably, from good food. Believe me: when the American farmer loses his inferiority complex, he will come back to these things: for there are still plenty of people who remain in the country because they like it, and not because they haven't the energy or initiative or intelligence to get a place in the metropolitan mill. Mr. Thomas Beer has chosen such a man as the hero for his latest novel, and his picture is singularly true and sympathetic: I have met the fellow more than once in real life—although sometimes one finds him only after he has established himself as a successful financier and executive, and returns to the country under the more restricted forms of a "country gentleman." But he exists, and of such as he the countryside will be repopulated, now that the radio and the auto and the hydro-electric station have restored so many economic opportunities to the country. He will come back; and when he comes he will not ask for village theatrical societies or college extension courses or community churches: he will ask for food. And when he is finished with the first helping, he will ask for it again.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Smith and the Independents

SIR: In 1920 and in 1924 the New Republic was satisfied with the presidential nominee of neither the Republicans nor the Democrats. Is it not likely that, as the present campaign develops, neither Herbert C. Hoover nor Alfred E. Smith will satisfy those voters who are not tied to either of the major political parties? It may seem almost like treason to suggest it, but isn't it possible that before election day the people will realize that neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Smith is an especially appealing leader, after all?

When should the party in power be defeated? The independent voter will answer: When the party in power is wrong on one or more highly important issues and when the party out of power is right on that issue or on those issues; or when the party in power deserves punishment for glaring incompetence or corrupt administration, provided that such punishment can be inflicted without harm to the nation—in other words, provided that there does not exist some foreign or domestic situation with which the party in power could obviously deal in wiser and more efficient fashion than could the party out of power.

The unprejudiced, independent voter is likely to believe that, as a result of the corruption in the Harding administration, and even more as a result of the attitude of the Coolidge administration toward that corruption, the Republican party today deserves defeat; that the Republican party ought to be punished in the interest of clean government.

The independent voter is also likely to conclude that there is no special reason why continuance of Republican control is required at this particular time, at least as far as international affairs are concerned.

Nevertheless the independent voter, when he considers the Democrats, strikes a snag. The Democrats, in their platform, have deserted the League of Nations and the World Court; they do not even specifically support the Briand-Kellogg efforts toward the renunciation of war as a national policy; they are silent on the Allied debts. In fact, the Republican platform appears more friendly toward the League than does the Democratic platform. Unless Mr. Smith discards the foreign-relations plank of his party's platform and makes a strong plea for a more liberal foreign policy, including a more lenient treatment of the Allied war-debt problem, there will be no compelling reason for placing the Democrats in power in the interests of international good will and world peace.

As for domestic affairs, Mr. Smith seems determined to stress the wet-dry issue. There must be many dry admirers of Mr. Smith, even in the North and East, who are greatly disappointed because he did not take a more passive attitude regarding prohibition, on the eve of the Houston convention and immediately after his nomination. As it is now, Mr. Smith will have to make

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a wet campaign in order to be consistent with his recent utterances.

The independent voter—no matter how strongly he may believe that the Republican party deserves defeat on the issue of corruption, no matter how much he may admire Mr. Smith's ability and character and personality, no matter how strongly he may believe that the election of Mr. Smith would be desirable in the interest of religious tolerance—is not likely to join a crusade against prohibition.

The independent voter, perhaps, is not sure that federal prohibition is a good thing, but nevertheless he probably is not interested in an organized drive to get rid of prohibition at this time. In particular, he cannot approve of Mr. Smith's program of nullification. He cannot conscientiously support a move to modify the Volstead law in such a manner as to make a dead letter of the Eighteenth Amendment. He wants prohibition continued for a while longer, until there is clear proof that its benefits far outweigh its injuries, or until there is such convincing evidence of its badness that the people will—through the regular processes of action by Congress and by three-fourths of the state legislatures—repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and either adopt a different kind of liquor amendment or else go back to the old system of state option.

Mr. Smith and other opponents of prohibition are firm in statements that if a state wants to be wet it has a right to be wet, and that if a state wants to be dry it has a right to be dry. In other words, they say that if the drys are in a majority in a given state then that state has a perfect right to prevent individuals from obtaining intoxicating liquors. But an individual who is prevented from getting a drink because of state action is no better off than is an individual who is prevented from getting a drink because of national action.

Hence individual liberty is hardly the issue. It is states' rights. But the people, through the Eighteenth Amendment, purposely took away states' rights in connection with the liquor traffic. Any program for the return of those rights, through mere action by Congress, will be in defiance of the Constitution as it exists today.

The independent voter who is a dry certainly cannot support Mr. Smith with any enthusiasm. The independent voter who has doubts as to the wisdom of prohibition must also have doubts as to the wisdom of Mr. Smith's program of nullifying the Constitution. Whom can Mr. Smith attract, then, except the extreme wets?

The New Republic predicts that Mr. Smith "will hereafter soft-pedal his attacks on prohibition." It is to be hoped that the prediction be fulfilled. But hasn't the damage already been done? At any rate, in the opinion of this writer, only the most complete and the most candid change of position by Mr. Smith can win to his side enough liberal and independent voters to assure his election. In addition, unless Mr. Smith takes an advanced stand on foreign affairs, how can there be developed the kind of enthusiasm for him which resulted in Woodrow Wilson's reëlection in 1916?

The tragedy of the present situation is that the Protestant, independent liberal who would like to support Mr. Smith, and who a few months ago looked forward to supporting him, cannot—unless there is a striking change somewhere—conscientiously do so. The tragedy is deepened by the probability that the Protestant, independent liberal will find it extremely difficult to convince his Catholic friends that his disappointment in Mr. Smith is not, at bottom, the result of religious prejudice.

Worcester, Mass. MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hoover—A Political Freak

SIR: The explanation of the peculiar complex of weaknesses in Herbert Hoover is too simple to be understood; it is not sufficiently mysterious. Hoover is *too* good to understand political men; by nature, temperament, and social indoctrination, he is without moral indignation, believing that "the greatest of these is charity." But it sounds ridiculous, absurd, incredible, and the mine run of men don't accept this. Most men have eaten of the tree of good and evil.

Smith knows how bad Tammany Hall is, and it is not all bad; yet Smith has moral indignation. Hoover never looks at men and situations in this fashion or mood. He cannot do so, and in consequence is an incompetent judge of men. Not to understand the Ohio Crowd was for Herbert Hoover the natural thing. Many a good wife in this manner stands by a very wicked husband. Hoover was aloof. And this aloofness, this temperamental pacifism, may be one part of the price of the loss of the presidency, if he does lose it. Perhaps it is necessary for such a world-adventurer as Hoover to have this temperament; he is one thing to all men, an engineer. In this style he undertakes social engineering for the general welfare as he sees it, which general welfare does not include moral reforms. With so much, so very much that is admirable, this trait is nevertheless a weakness in a public man.

Roosevelt had moral indignation, often suppressing it, often manifesting it in utterly wrong directions; but he had it, in abundance. Wilson had a raging moral anger that often overcame him, destroying his judgment. Hoover, though by no means entirely judicial, is by contrast with such men a cool and easy nature. Neither poet nor novelist ever drew such a character.

Norwood, O. WILLIAM E. CHANCELLOR.

Meiklejohn at Madison

SIR: Professor Lovett's recent article on the Wisconsin experimental college entirely ignores, as have the other comments you have published on this subject, one question of great concern to the women of the Middle West, "Is the University of Wisconsin co-educational or is it not?"

Professor Lovett does indeed note that the students of the new college for men live by themselves "in monkish segregation apart from the co-educational community"; but that a fundamental principle of Western education has been abandoned is apparently overlooked as a matter of no importance. The strongest argument for co-education, that only in this way will women be given educational opportunities equal to those of men is, of course, well illustrated in this new experiment. If the purpose of the college, as President Frank is reported to have said, is "to bring the utmost competence of teaching to the work of the Freshman and Sophomore years," is there any reason why, in the democracy of Wisconsin, women should not participate in the benefits of this experiment from its initial stages? It is, of course, easy to understand why Dr. Meiklejohn, with the background of his Eastern experience, should wish to confine his newest educational venture to men, but it is not easy to understand why the regents of the University of Wisconsin should, by allowing the principle of segregation to be transplanted to Middle Western soil, suddenly abandon the fine tradition of the pioneers—equal opportunities for all students—women and men alike.

Chicago, Ill. EDITH ABBOTT.

In Memory of Sacco and Vanzetti

SIR: A Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting will be held at Steinert Hall, Boston, on August 22 at 8.30 P. M. A committee of citizens, including Professor Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard, Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Miss Catherine Huntington, Creighton Hill and myself, is sponsoring the meeting.

We hope at the gathering on this first anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti not only to remember what happened last year. We hope to contribute to that study of the case by which alone its deep significance in the life of American society can be made manifest and its value to oncoming generations realized.

The list of speakers includes Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Robert Morss Lovett and Rev. Harold L. Stratton of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass.

We invite everyone to come to Boston for this meeting who considers the search for justice as an important activity of man.

Boston, Mass. GARDNER JACKSON.

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"A Leonardo of Our Day"

Havelock Ellis: Philosopher of Love, by Houston Peterson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 432 pages. $5.

WITH every new work that he publishes, Havelock Ellis seems to approach more and more closely than any other living Englishman the type of the Renaissance scholar, a Leonardo with less inventiveness, with an infinitely smaller range of practical faculty, but with an almost equal spread of horizon. Known first as an austere scientist in a very limited realm, he has developed into a philosopher, one of the wisest and most poetic of contemporary speculators on life in general, a physician of the soul who has done more than any of his countrymen in our day to heal the disease from which the modern soul suffers. And it now appears that he has always possessed this range of sympathies, that the germ of all his later thoughts is to be found in his early writings, only recently brought effectively before the public. "For half a century," says Mr. Houston Peterson, "since his conversion in the solitude of Australia, he has been equally the scientist and the mystic, at home in the world and essentially at peace with himself. Mysticism, for him, has not meant retreat into intellectual vagueness or the revelation of some supernatural world, but simply a sense of the vast perspective here."

Mr. Peterson's is the first really adequate account we have had of this gracious being who has ripened so beautifully in the late autumn of his life. Mr. Peterson regards himself as a convert to his subject. "With only the slightest knowledge of Havelock Ellis," he says, "I read, some years ago, his volume of essays, 'Affirmations,' which drew me steadily from one volume to another, through the whole range of his writings." Several meetings ensued, in the course of which Ellis turned over to him all manner of old notes and documents which he had stowed away in trunks and boxes; and these were followed by a correspondence in which the sage answered innumerable questions and provided him with long commentaries on his manuscript. He was thus in a position to give a more comprehensive account of Ellis' life than anyone else had attempted, as well as a more profound interpretation of his writings and point of view in general; and the result is a substantial work that could hardly be improved if the subject were seen in the perspective of death.

Havelock Ellis was the child on both sides of seafaring families, his father being a captain in the British merchant marine. He was born ten miles from London Bridge, but before he was eight he had sailed round the world in a full-rigged ship, captained by his father. At eighteen he was taken to Australia, where his early youth was spent, but before this he had had a very solid education and developed the broad interests that were to distinguish him later, an interest in literature, in botany, in art, in history and finally in the "Vestiges of Creation" and the "Origin of Species," which led him directly into the sex theme that was to form the great passion of his middle years. It goes without saying that he was violently condemned for this self-dedication, at the age of eighteen, to a subject that was regarded as "vicious" and "disgusting"; but he ploughed onward, beginning at about this time the series of "Commonplace Books," continued regularly until 1885, the contents of which Mr. Peterson lists in his Appendix. These cover the widest possible range of subjects, religion being perhaps the most enthralling to him, for he was going through a period of the darkest unbelief.

It was in 1878 that he underwent the well known conversion at Sparkes Creek in Australia of which he has written a thinly disguised account in his novelette, "Kanga Creek: an Australian Idyll." About this time, also, he wrote the series of sonnets that was published many years later on "The Way of the Blessed Life," dealing with the main phases of his religious history. He passed through a crisis at this time, during which he found himself, attained his integration and discovered the Kingdom of Heaven within himself; and shortly afterward he made his crucial discovery of James Hinton's manuscripts. Hinton, as everyone knows, became a sort of obsession with Ellis, from which he broke away with difficulty; and when he did so, the break was complete, showing how much he feared being influenced by him. And in 1880 he became a student at St. Thomas' Hospital in London, having divined that a physician of souls would gain much from being also a physician of the body. It was in London that he formed his romantic friendship with Olive Schreiner, that strange, intense little South African genius who looked like some South European, an Italian perhaps, with her warm, glowing eyes, who brought him, says Mr. Peterson, "the full confidence of a woman who shared the gifts of George Sand and Emily Brontë," and was, as Ellis himself called her, "a divine child." With the final discovery of "Towards Democracy" in 1883 and his friendship with Edward Carpenter, he passed through the last stage of his education.

He had contributed a few articles to the magazines, but his real literary career began in 1890 with the publication of "The New Spirit," a sort of outgrowth of the Fellowship of the New Life, a little society which he formed with Thomas Davidson, Percival Chubb and one or two others, the object of which was the cultivation of character through the subordination of material things to spiritual, the seed of the subsequently formed Fabian Society. He edited several volumes for the Camelot Series and undertook the editorship of the Mermaid Series of Elizabethan Dramatists, who were "akin to his nature," as Mr. Peterson says, and of whom he wrote "in an undertone of regret for spacious days and spacious minds, when safety was not the cardinal virtue, Victoria was not the arbiter of elegance and distance was not the essence of enchantment"; and presently he became general editor of the Contemporary Science Series which was to deal with the various social and politico-economical problems of the day, the most recent researches in the knowledge of man, the past and present experience of the race and the nature of its environment. To this he contributed "The Criminal" and various translations of foreign works, followed by "Man and Woman," the first of his works dealing specifically with the sexual question. The publication of the "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" involved him in a judicial prosecution that reverberates to this day, and he was unable to publish the series in England. But it was this series that brought him his international fame and made him a world authority on what he has called, with some justification, the central fact of life. Here, however, as Mr. Peterson says, he "has formed no school, and has desired no disciples. The body of his writings is not held together by any explicit set of dogmas so much as by a common mood. He has laid out a vast groundwork of data, while striving to avoid premature speculations. Working in quiet isolation, without the backing of a

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group or an institution, he has steadily put forth his unpretentious volumes, which have imperceptibly colored the thought of a generation."

From this time onward his mind took a wider and wider sweep. There were digressions during which he indulged his love of travel, especially in Spain, his love of literature, celebrated most adequately, perhaps, in "Affirmations," his general attitude to the immediate past, expressed in "The Nineteenth Century," his "Study of British Genius," "The Task of Social Hygiene" and "The World of Dreams," culminating in the three series of "Impressions and Comments," dealing with almost every aspect of human thought and behavior, and "The Dance of Life," that very beautiful work which sums up his conclusions on man and the universe. "Autumn Leaves" is the title which Mr. Peterson gives to these later writings, the ripe harvest of his long life. At the end, he was to have the richest flowering of all. "Today, at sixty-nine," says Mr. Peterson, "he is living out a beautiful old age, much beloved, active, carefree, understood, a sage who realizes that he has come into his own. . . . Fifty years ago, under the grim shea-oaks beside Sparkes Creek, he passed beyond the dilemmas and antitheses which have enfeebled the modern mind. He passed from an alien world to the World as Beauty, as a Living Whole, which no doctrine of mechanism or logical analysis can destroy. Since then he has walked his serene path alone, not so much an eclectic who puts things imperfectly together as a mystic who cannot see things apart; not so much a descendant of Goethe as a more articulate Blake, who has blended the fires within his soul and made his work a genuine marriage of Heaven and Hell." Certainly the most mature and appealing of modern English men of letters.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Degeneration of Prison Reform

The Evolution of Penology in Pennsylvania, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 414 pages. $5.

IT is one of the ironies of life that reforms which, after long labor, seem finally to be attained, frequently disintegrate under the attrition of administrative difficulties, or, if continued, all too often become burdens upon a newer and wiser generation. The prison history of Pennsylvania, as carefully narrated by Professor Barnes, furnishes eloquent if somewhat melancholy testimony to this truth. The mild criminal code of the early Quakers, which substituted imprisonment with labor for most of the capital crimes in the barbaric English penal code, was abandoned in 1718 in exchange for the recognition of the Quaker scruples against taking oaths. Not until after the Revolution could some of its more humane principles be again enacted into the criminal law. But by this time the congregate prisons where both sexes and all types of prisoners were indiscriminately herded together in idleness had become schools of depravity. The reformers substituted in the Philadelphia jail and in the celebrated Eastern penitentiary the principle of solitary confinement at hard labor, which was not only designed to protect the prisoners from temptation, but which, by stimulating self-examination, would, it was thought, lead to a desire for personal reform. But such solitary labor could only be practicable in an age of handicraft, and as machine production increased the industrial work of the prisons became more and more inefficient until the anti-prison labor law of 1897 capped the situation by prohibiting more than 10 percent of the inmates from being productively employed. Nor did the principle of solitary confinement realize the hopes of its advocates. During the early years it produced perhaps more cases of insanity than of reform, while later the gross overcrowding of the Eastern penitentiary broke down the principle itself.

By 1915, just as the Holy Experiment of Penn had degenerated into the cynical corruption of the Penrose and Vare machines, so had the prison system of the Quaker reformers been transformed by time into both an antiquated and a vicious one. But the spirit of reform is not finally quenched, even in Pennsylvania, and the recent slight improvements afford hope that the time-lag in penological as well as in other matters may in the future be lessened.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

A Guide to the Cables

Asia Reborn, by Marguerite Harrison. New York: Harper and Brothers. 379 pages. $4.

MRS. HARRISON is a traveler of very considerable experience and a lively political intelligence. What she has to say of the Asiatic nationalisms of our day consequently deserves careful attention. Unfortunately for the serious aspect of her work, she has chosen to address herself on this occasion to the least adequately informed public extant. Her purpose is outlined in the preface to the volume as follows:

"I have tried to throw into relief the important facts which may serve as a background for the appraisement of daily news despatches from Asiatic countries, by the busy everyday individual who has no time or inclination for a profound study of history or political economy."

It is not easy to compress into one volume of 379 pages the "important facts" needed to give the "busy everyday individual" a comprehension of the complex political problems of Asia, past and present. Mrs. Harrison has accomplished her unenviable task very creditably, and one has no right to resent the extreme simplification which such a purpose imposes. At the same time, one could wish that she had been less summary in her treatment of the Kuomintang, less sketchy in her analysis of the forces at work in China, and less inclined to use the word "Red" as an adjective of political description. We even wish that she had taken the trouble to explain, while she was occupied with Arabian affairs, that the "broken promises" of the British government are not to be blamed upon that great and tragic personage, Colonel Lawrence. Mrs. Harrison knows very well that Lawrence was in no way to blame for what happened to the dream of Arabia, and it would have been kind of her to say so.

The best parts of the book are those which deal with Russia, with Turkey and with the Near East. The Persian and Indian sections, also, are equal to their purpose if less animated in style. But the section on the Far East suffers from excessive generalization. Such detail as there is cannot be described as accurate. The inhabitants of Shanghai and Nanking would be mystified to hear their province called "mountainous Kiangsu on the confines of Tibet," and Mikhail Markovitch Borodin would be

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amused to hear that he "departed silently and unobtrusively on board a German merchant steamer without intimating his intentions to his Chinese associates." There are other inaccuracies of this order, but a much more serious defect is the thoughtless repetition of various current superstitions about China. One of the most harmful of these, which is repeated by Mrs. Harrison as a fact, is that there is no one Chinese language. While it is true, as she says, that a Cantonese workman cannot understand a Shanghai workman, it is also true that outside the treaty ports the language has remained (with dialectal variation) remarkably homogeneous. A man from Szechuan has no trouble making himself understood in Peking. The allegation that there are "many" Chinese languages, or that the dialectal variations exceed those familiar to Europeans in their own countries, is harmful and untrue.

Mrs. Harrison's ruling idea would appear to be that the Eastern races can and should unite in racial groups against foreign domination. She treats all the "pans"—the pan-Arabic, pan-Turanian, pan-Mongol movements—with great sympathy. This sympathy is obviously justified in the case of the Arabs, who are, after all, a pretty solid racial and religious group. But pan-Turanianism, and still more pan-Mongolism, do not recognizably belong to the realm of practical politics. There is no evidence that Japan, upon which pan-Mongolism must for decades depend, has any intention whatever of espousing the cause of the less fortunate yellow nations. Until the presentation of such evidence, it is to be feared that Mrs. Harrison's analysis will remain more optimistic than exact.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

Importations

Perversity, by Francis Carco. Translated by Ford Madox Ford. Chicago: Pascal Covici. $2.50.

Catherine-Paris, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The Devil, by Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Huntley Patterson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

TIME was when it was impossible for a novel-addict to keep up with the publishers of Europe without a knowledge of several foreign languages; but that time is rapidly passing. The number and variety of French, German and Scandinavian titles which are now appearing in translation is a heartening sign, if also an indication of how much we have been missing.

"Perversity" belongs to that class of fiction which is broadly—and sometimes justly—labelled "disagreeable." That is, it encounters us with disagreeable facts. There are many readers who consider such an encounter unnecessary, and to be avoided. It is unpleasant, for instance, though perhaps salutary, to be reminded of the sordid and everlasting monotony to which the cheaper grade of prostitute is condemned. There are reminders even more unpleasant, and it is these in which M. Carco has specialized. In his tale of a modern Paris slum, he guides us expertly among sadists, masochists, and fancy men. The trip is interesting, but confirms our suspicion that the exaggerated sexuality of the French is not as enviable as some of their other qualities. The blurb-writer describes the story well enough. "It is all about a poor slave of a clerk burdened with an inferiority complex and its attendant nastinesses, his 'professional' sister and her lover, one of the coolest brutes in fact or fiction. It's a rare triangle." Well, perhaps not so rare in fact; but it will remain rare in fiction, for good and obvious reasons. M. Carco has overstepped the bounds of literature. Such roaming in pathological fields has its uses, but for the purposes of the novel it is not only a dubious but an unnecessary business: ordinary human beings are still the proper study of ordinary human beings, and we can gladly leave the perverts and the monsters to themselves and the doctors.

"Catherine-Paris" lifts us from the scum of the city to the cream of a continent. The heroine, a Rumanian of noble blood who has been brought up in Paris, in obscure but honorable poverty, marries the pretender to the Polish throne, and finds herself related to all the crowned heads of Europe. Her husband has tired of her even before the wedding, and her life resolves itself into a constant effort to return to her beloved Paris and reëstablish herself there—an effort which her intriguing family, her anomalous position, and finally the War, combine to prevent. The Emperor Francis-Joseph, the Tsar, the Kaiser, Izvolski, Aerenthal, and many other figures of recent history come into the story; we are made aware that it was quite possible to regard Europe as a family, and the War itself, from this point of view, as nothing but a quarrel among cousins.

The book is, on the whole, disappointing. It is written, sometimes glitteringly written, in the French manner, with an air of ironic generalization. The scenes given over to the gatherings of the Leopolski clan are both brilliant and convincing; but Catherine herself is a lay-figure; and when, towards the end, we are expected to interest ourselves in her and the mere mechanics of her story, the effort is too great. The author is a woman, also a princess: she is unable to refrain from epigrams, but occasionally hits off something better:

> Every mother believes this [that they were made for happiness] of her wonderful children. Where she has failed, they will be sure to succeed. She expects them to be proof against misfortune, as if she had given them something else than life.

And she has as practical a view of literature as of the Almanach de Gotha:

> Such terms as "mistress," "fires," and "lover" have very little meaning for children that read Racine. . . .
> It was not easy to find an amusing play: the library contained nothing but masterpieces.

The book is like a sparkling conversation in an extremely civilized *salon;* and, it must be added, like a conversation that goes on a little too long.

With two such books as Feuchtwanger's "Power" and Neumann's "The Devil" to their credit, it might be said that the Germans have evolved a new type of historical novel. In reading such books, it is not until afterwards that we are conscious that we have been reading history; while we are reading, it is more like living it. The subject of "The Devil" is the same as that of Scott's "Quentin Durward." Oliver le Mauvais, the King's barber, appears in both books: Scott has made him but the minor evil genius of a hypocritical monarch; but Herr Neumann obeys a more artistic perspective, and his hero becomes the King's very conscience. Oliver Necker (afterwards known as "le Mauvais") is a native of Ghent, the youngest of a shrewd, narrow-faced and evil family. His childhood is not exemplary. Before he is well into his teens, he has discovered the guilty secrets of all the members of his family,

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and rules them by a peculiar kind of blackmail. He also is not without sin, and has (probably) one murder to his credit. On running away from home, he picks up a picaresque education in knavery, diplomacy and poisoning throughout the cities of Europe, and finally comes to the notice of the Great King, Louis XI, himself. He is offered, and accepts, the post of Chamberlain. The involved schemings by which Burgundy and the League are confounded, France unified, and the King made supreme, are related as if by an eye-witness. Even to a Scott enthusiast, "Quentin Durward," after this, will read like a nursery tale. Louis, Cardinal Balue, Tristan l'Hermite, le Mauvais, are not improbable figures from a page of history, but—sometimes horribly, sometimes touchingly, always vividly—alive.

Oliver seems at first only a sinister, wholly evil, and not quite human character. When we see him with his beautiful wife, we begin to discover some other and unexpected traits, and when we come to his strange intimacy with Louis, culminating in his surrender of himself, his wife, and every human motive to the person of the King, we are gradually led to change our estimate of him; so that at the end it is the King we pity, and Oliver, with all his load of villainy, murder and cruelty, whom we admire. The story has a quite extraordinary emotional force. The complexity of the human soul, which is its real subject, is shown to be no very modern growth. Perhaps the story owes this complex verisimilitude to its author, but he has been a good enough artist to make it seem otherwise.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Dramatic Technique in Shakespeare's Day

Pre-Restoration Stage Studies, by William J. Lawrence. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 435 pages. $5.

THOUGH the plays of Shakespeare and his fellows have kept for us their vividness and appeal as poetry, they have lost much of their effectiveness as drama. In order to restore to them in part that quality of intense transcripts from life which they held for their contemporaries, one thing needed is an increased knowledge of the technique of Elizabethan playwrights and actors. A complete understanding of the supreme character creations of the age is sometimes dependent on how the action on the stage is to be conceived. Though customs of the Shakespearean stage are still very imperfectly understood, much that has been obscure is beginning to take on definite meaning for the modern reader. At least he is becoming less dependent on the criticism and stage tradition which in the course of time have often succeeded in misinterpreting action and characters. Each puzzling allusion to stage practice has been studied in connection with other passages that help to give it meaning; vague stage directions have been interpreted in the light of a comprehensive knowledge of contemporary literature.

Among the scholars who for several decades have given more or less attention to matters of an older stagecraft, Mr. William J. Lawrence is perhaps the most conspicuous. He now continues this work in "Pre-Restoration Stage Studies," consisting of a series of lectures delivered at Harvard University in the fall and winter of 1925 and 1926. The variety of subjects included illustrates the complexity of his field and the comprehensiveness of his treatment. The volume deals with the inn-yard stage, the origin of the inn-yard play, the doubling of roles, composite plays, "nocturnals," theatrical masques, complex disguise plays, operatic stage jigs, and collaboration, and in connection with each type studied some attempt is made to determine its relation to the technique of presentation. In addition, there are studies more definitely connected with the actor's art—of prompt-books, of the staging of "Hamlet," with special reference to the appearance of the ghost in the closet scene, of the various uses of Elizabethan stage traps, of the imitation and production of sounds on the stage, of realism in scenes calling for bloodshed, rain, and so forth, and of spectacles, especially in the presentation of devils with fireworks.

Mr. Lawrence's discussion of these topics is of unequal value. For many aspects of the Tudor and Stuart stage the evidence is too small in amount or too indefinite for final pronouncements. At times it is contradictory, possibly because customs varied with different theaters and different decades. The difficulties of the field are suggested by the number of instances in which Mr. Lawrence confesses that he has modified or abandoned his former views. He will probably have to make other retractions, for in some cases he advances theories with a confidence that the material at hand hardly warrants. The extreme example, to my mind, is furnished by a chapter on what he calls the "nocturnal," described as a type of play in which the action takes place to a considerable extent on a darkened stage. The evidence is not sufficient to establish the type, and to make a case for it Mr. Lawrence has to brush aside accepted views and the evidence on which they are based—like that in regard to a date for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" earlier than 1597. But despite his occasional wrenching of evidence and overconfidence of statement, Mr. Lawrence has accumulated here a considerable body of solid fact, has interpreted excellently many phases of staging, and has usually done service in emphasizing his problem, even where he has failed to furnish a convincing solution for it.

CHARLES READ BASKERVILL.

In Freedom's Cause

Recollections of the Irish War, by Darrell Figgis. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. 309 pages. $4.

HIS enemies—and they were legion—accused Darrell Figgis of insincerity—in his speech, in his writing, in his actions. This book would seem to refute the charge, in so far as his political sympathies are concerned. A lover of books and by nature a student, he gave up literature, property, personal liberty and almost life in the cause of Ireland's freedom. A man makes no such wholesale sacrifices merely to gain publicity. That Figgis possessed a clear head and political insight is evident. And without dwelling on it, he discloses in this book how much the neglect and distrust of his colleagues made him suffer.

These recollections, however, are more than a chronicle of personal experience. They cover fairly comprehensively the period of Irish rebellion from the Howth gun-running in 1914 to the treaty with England in July, 1921. The author's active participation in the former exploit, as well as in the work of the economic "Commission of Inquiry,"

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enabled him to speak of these matters with an authority based on experience. Information hitherto unrevealed is brought to light.

The weak point in the book is perhaps a result of that very zeal with which Figgis espoused the cause of freedom. He told the story of Sinn Fein well; but the reader with no other information to enlighten him would conclude from it that Sinn Fein embraced the total population of Ireland, that there were no dissenting voices. Nothing is said of the widespread lethargy that existed among the masses in the southern counties, the desire to end the conflict with or without freedom for Ireland. Scarcely any mention is made of the strong pro-British sentiment in Ulster and its bitter hostility toward Sinn Fein and republicanism. The result is that a united Ireland seems to be crying out with one voice against the tyranny of English misrule. This was the viewpoint of a man who was so absorbed in his own faith that he was unable to see that others, even among his own countrymen, disagreed with him or failed to share his enthusiasm. Under such circumstances, it is remarkable that he could have exhibited the understanding and even kindness he did in discussing men who opposed him. There is also displayed a notable restraint in apportioning between British and Irish forces the blame for the crimes that were perpetrated in the form of reprisals during the war.

JENNINGS RICE.

American Drama

A History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day, by Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two vols. 718 pages. $10.

PROFESSOR QUINN'S three volumes (the first, "From the Beginnings to the Civil War," was published in 1923) form the one authoritative and inclusive treatment of a long-neglected theme. They represent a wide reading of plays published and in manuscript, an acquaintance with very many plays from before the footlights, and tireless consultation with scholars, critics, literary executors and playwrights themselves. With the specific discussion of hundreds of plays, the eighty-page selective bibliography and play list, and the full and adequate indexes, the two volumes first issued complete a highly valuable body of reference for any student of the American drama, or of the already more voluminous history of the American stage.

The first volume is concerned with discussions of such individual contributors as Daly, Howard, Howells, Herne, Belasco, Gillette, Thomas and Fitch, and with the comedy of types as developed by Harrigan and Hoyt, the drama of the frontier, and the "Indian Summer of Romance" in certain negligible dramas played by gifted actors. The second carries on with Moody, MacKaye, Miss Crothers, Sheldon, and O'Neill, and with later social comedy, melodrama, and romance, with changing conditions of the theater, the new realism of character, the drama of the "provinces," and a concluding word of summary. The whole is fused into a readable and informative combination of chronicle and criticism.

As a chronicle, this history is admirable. It is on the critical side that it is vulnerable at spots. One of these, which is, perhaps, rather a stripe than a spot, is in the nature of the uncritical critical dicta which crop out from time to time. The allusion to common assumptions about older writers is the simplest short-cut to findings that would otherwise need detailed discussion; but Mr. Quinn assumes a good many things carelessly or recklessly: that Bret Harte was "one of the great writers of short stories"; that no play based on Rider Haggard's "She" "could be important"; that the characters in Poe's detective stories were "brilliant creations"; that Augustus Thomas' interests were "broader" than Mark Twain's. Of a piece with such dicta are the passages in which Mr. Quinn tempers the wind to lambkins that died early and were well forgotten, as when he refers to the "directness in the dialogue, sense of action, and pulsing humanity" in Joaquin Miller's dull compounds of bombast and slush, or says of Fitch's incredibly amateurish "Pamela's Prodigy" that it "lacks distinction."

An attentive reading of Mr. Quinn's history, with reference to its critical approach to drama, reveals an inclination to accept without challenge the dramatic, or histrionic, or theatrical point of view of the man in question. But as it happens that the history progresses from Daly, professional producer, by way of Howard, Thomas *et al.*, professional playmakers, to O'Neill, poet and dramatist, the work as a whole tells the story of a changing attitude shared by the author with the more discriminating playgoer; a sympathetic acquiescence in the triumph of high art—once at least—in a world of showgoers.

Thus the historian quotes, with no apparent demur, from Bronson Howard's revelation of what an uninspired and philistine play "The Banker's Daughter" was; the playwright "appeals to a thousand hearts at the same moment; he has no choice in the matter, he must do this; and it is only when he deals with the love of the sexes that his work is most interesting to that aggregation of human hearts we call an audience." He says: "If Belasco has no great invention, as seems probable, he has what is of more importance in drama, a keen sense of the instinctive motor and emotional reactions of an audience." He alleges of Gillette's "Secret Service" that it "is founded on a proved law of the theater, that the motives of self-preservation, love, patriotism, loyalty and personal honor are the most universal in appeal." And he tells us that Thomas' "The Capitol" was submitted to a prelate in Washington, so that no member of the Roman Catholic Church "should feel disturbed by the characterization of Father Kennard or Wetmore Boyd." The obvious assumption behind these and many like passages is that the undertaking of the dramatist is to make his play popular and innocuous. This, of course, is what Howard and Belasco and Gillette and Thomas desired and accomplished. They were of the journalistic temper that was always discovering that "the time was ripe" for a play on this, that, or the other theme.

But as time has passed, an extraordinary thing has happened to both historian and American public: art has achieved a new significance for them; and, in the province of the drama, Eugene O'Neill has become for them an incarnation of this new experience. So toward the end Mr. Quinn writes quite truly that O'Neill "is a great dramatist because he is more than a dramatist," and that he will finally be estimated by "his profound imaginative interpretation of aspiring humanity, struggling upward, even through sin and shame, toward the light." And he concludes with the assertion that O'Neill "has become the concrete expression of the greatest principle in art, that of freedom, freedom to choose one's subject anywhere, to treat it any manner, provided always that the characters are great figures and the treatment is sincere."

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It is so apparent that this conviction came with the end of the story that it sets one speculating on what the judgments of the journeymen playwrights would have been, had the whole study been preceded by the O'Neill experience. They would have been more austere; they might have been more aggressively dogmatic; but the chronicle would have been unchanged. And it is as a history that Mr. Quinn offers it and that it chiefly deserves our attention.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

"Machine-Gun Diplomacy"

Latin America in World Politics: an Outline Survey, by J. Fred Rippy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 286 pages. $3.50.

Machine-Gun Diplomacy, by J. A. H. Hopkins and Melinda Alexander. New York: Lewis Copeland Company. 216 pages. $2.50.

IN "Latin America in World Politics," Professor Rippy has provided an historical and contemporary study indispensable for an understanding of the conditions that have produced an important phase of international relationships. The material gathered and the manner of its interpretation do credit to his scholarship and discernment. Informative, readable and well arranged, the work merits careful consideration by all who appreciate the fact that Latin America has greater significance than that of a mere region for trade and investment or the pursuit of "bandits."

Harking back to the original partition of the New World, the author sketches the contests among European powers over colonial territory, indicates the early share of our own country in the process, and describes the attitude of the states concerned toward the attainment of independence by the former dominions of Spain and Portugal. This completed, he treats at length the respective interests and activities of Great Britain, France and Germany, as they have clashed or coincided with those of the United States. After 1857 he notes a trend toward "Anglo-Saxon cordiality," and an attitude "aggressive and critical" on the part of France. German ambitions and conduct he finds much less objectionable than popularly has been supposed. His later chapters he devotes to an examination of the ideas and efforts put forth by Spaniards and Spanish-Americans, with French encouragement, to counteract the growing influence of the United States over the republics to the southward, the minor factors of Italian and Japanese trade and immigration, the share of those republics in European concerns and current problems in inter-American relations.

Clear and generally accurate as the presentation is, the title of the work does not altogether befit the content. Instead of dealing solely with the countries of Latin America proper, the subject-matter ranges over all the areas formerly under Spanish and Portuguese rule, including the Philippines and other South Sea isles. By implication, further, these countries are assigned a position in international affairs which they have not attained. They constitute an object of world politics, rather than the semblance of a factor therein. Even the comparatively small share of influence they have had through membership in the Hague Conferences and the League of Nations is not given adequate recognition. Both Brazil and Mexico, in fact, were invited to the first of such Conferences, and Argentina, Peru and Bolivia have not withdrawn from the League. Apart, also, from their mere connection with the European

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War, nowhere is an explanation afforded of their concrete reasons for accepting membership in that body.

Some of the closing chapters are not conspicuous for their relevancy. So far as their substance bears upon the feeling of Latin Americans toward the United States and upon the sentiment or policy of this country toward its southern neighbors, it seems hardly a concern of world politics. On one phase, certainly, of inter-American relationships, Professor Rippy makes his own opinion definite enough when he says: "It is in vain that we plead our innocence of imperialism. Our whole history gives the lie to such a plea, unless one wishes to quibble over the meaning" of that term. He is just a bit ingenuous, however, when he remarks that the reader who has followed his narrative up to the point where he really concludes his survey of Latin America in world politics "will perhaps not be surprised to learn that the United States is today politically and economically predominant in the New World." If that individual were surprised, he would be too hopeless a specimen of humanity to derive any advantage from reading the book.

"Machine-Gun Diplomacy" is a tract designed to support a resolution pending in the Senate against the application of force in protecting the investments of American citizens abroad. It consists mainly of extracts from public documents, along with caustic comments on our treatment of certain Latin-American republics and the Philippines. WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD.

Facts

Presidential Politics, 1928, by Richard Boeckel. Washington: Editorial Research Reports. 325 pages. $3.50.

IN the course of the past few months, Mr. Richard Boeckel has prepared for the Editorial Research Association a series of monographs on political questions; and these have now been brought up to date, with additions, and reprinted as pamphlets, issued in a protecting slip-case at the price quoted. Mr. Boeckel differs from most of the men who write about politics in Washington, in that he is interested only in known and provable facts. He gives historical and statistical material on such matters as prohibition, the Catholic issue, what women have done with the vote and business conditions in campaign years; in short, he furnishes a gold mine of impartial and accurate information on matters as to which most people never do more than lose themselves in a speculative haze. B. B.

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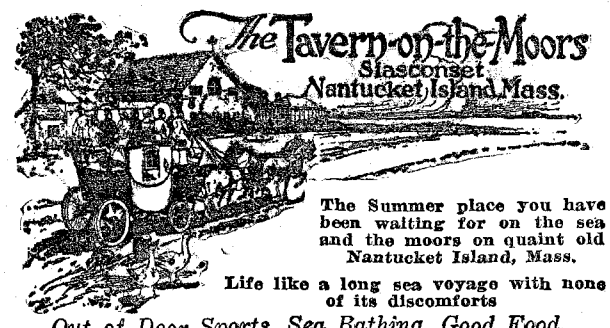

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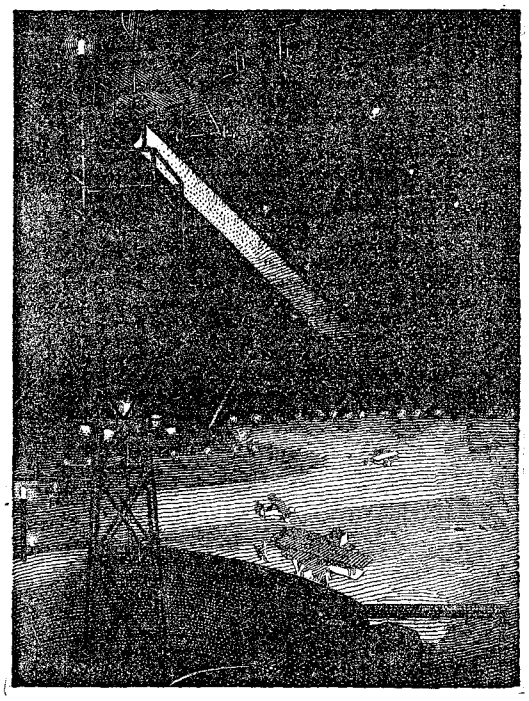

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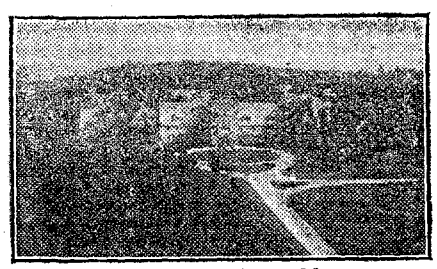

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